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THE

CHRISTIAN READER.

GLEANINGS FROM DIVERS FIELDS.

A New Miscellany,

INTENDED FOR A FIRST-CLASS BOOK IN SCHOOLS,

AND FOR

GENERAL DISTRIBUTION IN FAMILIES.

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COMPILER'S PREFACE.

Our country, we are well aware, is flooded with books, — some excellent; many truly unprofitable and pernicious. Our children are all taught to read; they *will* read; and our various libraries give them access to a great variety of reading. Would they were more willing, in this as in all other pursuits, to be circumscribed by that wisdom which is profitable to direct!

It is not the intention of the compiler of this little volume to enter upon a dissertation on the sad waste of time and mind involved in frivolous reading, but simply to add one to the number of books that may be safely placed in the hands of our young friends, and yet prove to be not entirely dull or uninteresting. The contents are selected from Murray's, Sargent's, and Tower's popular Readers, and from various other sources; and these Gleanings are designed to form a suitable class-book for *Friends'*

schools and for general distribution in families. But while the selection has been made with especial reference to some of the prominent views of this Society, and to the exclusion of sentiments adverse thereto, it is not intended as a sectarian publication, and it is believed the candid reader will discover nothing on its pages that should exclude it from the use of Christians of any denomination; while the friends of freedom and the advocates of peace-principles will find these great subjects *quietly* but *decidedly* advocated.

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INTRODUCTION.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.*

To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment, productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a complete reader that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings, of the author whose sentiments he professes to repeat; for how is it possible to represent clearly to others what we have but faint or inaccurate conceptions of ourselves? If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well than the necessity it lays us under, of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read, and the habit thence acquired of doing this with facility, both when reading silently and aloud, they would constitute a sufficient compensation for all the labor we can bestow upon the subject; but the pleasure derived to ourselves and others from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and the audience,

* For many of the observations contained in this preliminary tract, the author is indebted to the writings of Dr. Blair, and to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

are considerations which give an additional importance to the study of this necessary and useful art. The perfect attainment of it doubtless requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers; but, as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the student whose aims fall short of perfection will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the necessary pauses, emphasis, and tones may be discovered and put in practice, is not possible. After all the directions that can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the living instructor, — much will be attainable by no other means than the force of example influencing the imitative powers of the learner. Some rules and principles on these heads will, however, be found useful to prevent erroneous and vicious modes of utterance, to give the young reader some taste of the subject, and to assist him in acquiring a just and accurate mode of delivery. The observations which we have to make for these purposes may be comprised under the following heads: Proper Loudness of Voice; Distinctness; Slowness; Propriety of Pronunciation; Emphasis; Tones; Pauses; and Mode of Reading Verse.

Sect. I. — *Proper Loudness of Voice.*

The first attention of every person who reads to others doubtless must be to make himself be heard by all those to whom he reads. He must endeavor to fill with his voice the space occupied by the company. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is, in a good measure, the gift of nature; but it may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends, for this

purpose, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every person has three pitches in his voice, — the HIGH, the MIDDLE, and the LOW one. The high is that which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance; the low is when he approaches to a whisper; the middle is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others: for it is a great mistake to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice in order to be well heard in a large company. This is confounding two things which are different — loudness or strength of sound — with the key or note on which we speak. There is a variety of sound within the compass of each key. A speaker may, therefore, render his voice louder without altering the key; and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound, to that pitch of voice to which in conversation we are accustomed: whereas, by setting out on our highest pitch, or key, we certainly allow ourselves less compass, and are likely to strain our voice before we have done; we shall fatigue ourselves, and read with pain; and, whenever a person speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Let us, therefore, give the voice full strength and swell of sound, but always pitch it on our ordinary speaking key. It should be a constant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice than we can afford without pain to ourselves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as we keep within these bounds, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease, and we shall always have our voice under command; but, whenever we transgress these bounds, we give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is a useful rule too, in order to be well heard, to cast our eye on some of the most distant persons in the company, and to consider

ourselves as reading to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with such a degree of strength as to make ourselves be heard by the person whom we address, provided he is within the reach of our voice. As this is the case in conversation, it will hold also in reading to others. But let us remember, that in reading, as well as in conversation, it is possible to offend by speaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling, indistinct masses.

By the habit of reading, when young, in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key, and is rendered incapable of that variety of elevation and depression which constitutes the true harmony of utterance, and affords ease to the reader, and pleasure to the audience. This unnatural pitch of the voice, and disagreeable monotony, are most observable in persons who were taught to read in large rooms, who were accustomed to stand at too great distance when reading to their teachers, whose instructors were very imperfect in their hearing, or who were taught by persons that considered loud expression as the chief requisite in forming a good reader. These are circumstances which demand the serious attention of every one to whom the education of youth is committed.

Sect. II. — *Distinctness.*

In the next place, to being well heard and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation contributes more than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound necessary to fill even a large space is smaller than is commonly imagined; and, with distinct articulation, a person with a weak voice will make it reach farther than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every

reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable, and even every letter, in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly, without slurring, whispering, or suppressing any of the proper sounds.

An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that, if the learner's attainments are in this respect imperfect (and many there are in this situation), it will be incumbent on his teacher to carry him back to these primary articulations, and to suspend his progress till he become perfectly master of them. It will be in vain to press him forward, with the hope of forming a good reader, if he cannot completely articulate every elementary sound of the language.

Sect. III. — *Due Degree of Slowness.*

In order to express ourselves distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation and all meaning. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless, drawling manner of reading, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied by all who wish to become good readers ; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to

the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows it more easily to make; and it enables the reader to swell all his sounds both with more force and more harmony.

Sect. IV. — *Propriety of Pronunciation.*

After the fundamental attention to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what the young reader must in the next place study is propriety of pronunciation, or giving to every word which he utters that sound which the best usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite both for reading intelligibly, and for reading with correctness and ease. Instructions concerning this article may best be given by the living teacher. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one has one accented syllable. The accent rests sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. The genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper seats of those accents, it is an important rule to give every word just the same accent in reading as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they read to others, and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times; they dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word, — from a mistaken notion that it gives gravity and importance to their subject, and adds to the energy of their delivery; whereas this is one of

the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation. It makes what is called a pompous or mouthing manner, and gives an artificial, affected air to reading, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness and its impression.

Sheridan and Walker have published dictionaries for ascertaining the true and best pronunciation of the words of our language. By attentively consulting them, particularly "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary,"* the young reader will be much assisted in his endeavors to attain a correct pronunciation of the words belonging to the English language.

SECT. V. — *Emphasis.*

By emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic words must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a particular stress. On the right management of the emphasis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly.

Emphasis may be divided into the SUPERIOR and the INFERIOR emphasis. The superior emphasis determines the meaning of a sentence with reference to something said before, presupposed by the author as general knowledge, or removes an ambiguity where a passage may have more senses than one. The inferior emphasis *enforces*,

* Walker's Dictionary is now obsolete. The reader may substitute Worcester's.

graces, and *enlivens*, but does not *fix*, the meaning of any passage. The words to which this latter emphasis is given, are, in general, such as seem the most important in the sentence, or, on other accounts, to merit this distinction. The following passage will serve to exemplify the superior emphasis: —

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe," &c.,
> "Sing, heavenly Muse!"

Supposing that originally other beings besides men had disobeyed the commands of the Almighty, and that the circumstance were well known to us, there would fall an emphasis upon the word *man's*, in the first line; and hence it would be read thus: —

> "Of *man's* first disobedience, and the fruit," &c.

But, if it were a notorious truth that mankind had transgressed in a peculiar manner more than once, the emphasis would fall on *first*, and the line be read, —

> "Of man's *first* disobedience," &c.

Again: admitting death (as was really the case) to have been an unheard-of and dreadful punishment, brought upon man in consequence of his transgression, — on that supposition, the third line would be read, —

> "Brought *death* into the world," &c.

But if we were to suppose that mankind knew there was such an evil as death in other regions, though the place they inhabited had been free from it till their transgression, the line would run thus: —

> "Brought death into the *world*," &c.

The superior emphasis finds place in the following short sentence, which admits of four distinct meanings, each of which is ascertained by the emphasis only : —

"Do you ride to town to-day?"

The following examples illustrate the nature and use of the inferior emphasis : —

"Many persons mistake the *love* for the *practice* of virtue."

"Shall I reward his services with *falsehood?* Shall I forget *him* who cannot forget *me?*"

"If his principles are *false*, no apology from *himself* can make them *right;* if founded on *truth*, no censure from *others* can make them *wrong*."

"Though *deep*, yet *clear;* though *gentle*, yet not *dull;*
Strong, without *rage;* without *o'erflowing*, *full*."

"A *friend* exaggerates a man's *virtues;* an *enemy*, his *crimes*."

"The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*."

The superior emphasis, in reading as in speaking, must be determined entirely by the *sense* of the passage, and always made *alike;* but, as to the inferior emphasis, *taste* alone seems to have the right of fixing its situation and quantity.

Among a number of persons who have had proper opportunities of learning to read in the best manner it is now taught, very few could be selected who in a given instance would use the inferior emphasis alike, either as to place or quantity. Some persons, indeed, use scarcely any degree of it; and others do not scruple to carry it much beyond any thing to be found in common discourse, and even sometimes throw it upon words so very trifling in themselves, that it is evidently done with no other view

than to give greater variety to the modulation.* Notwithstanding this diversity of practice, there are certainly proper boundaries within which this emphasis must be restrained, in order to make it meet the approbation of sound judgment and correct taste. It will doubtless have different degrees of exertion, according to the greater or less degree of importance of the words upon which it operates, and there may be very properly some variety in the use of it; but its application is not arbitrary, depending on the caprice of readers.

As emphasis often falls on words in different parts of the same sentence, so it is frequently required to be continued, with a little variation, on two, and sometimes more, words together. The following sentences exemplify both the parts of this position: —

"If you seek to make one *rich*, study not to *increase his stores*, but to *diminish his desires*."

"The Mexican figures, or picture-writing, represents *things*, not *words;* they exhibit *images to the eye*, not *ideas to the understanding*."

Some sentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical; as, —

"Ye hills and dales! ye rivers, woods, and plains!"

or as that pathetic expostulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel, —

"Why will ye die?"

* By modulation is meant that pleasing variety of voice which is perceived in uttering a sentence, and which in its nature is perfectly distinct from emphasis and the tones of emotion and passion. The young reader should be careful to render his modulation correct and easy, and, for this purpose, should form it upon the model of the most judicious and correct speakers.

Emphasis, besides its other offices, is the great regulator of quantity. Though the quantity of our syllables is fixed in words separately pronounced, yet it is mutable when these words are ranged in sentences; the long being changed into short, the short into long, according to the importance of the words with regard to meaning. Emphasis also, in particular cases, alters the seat of the accent. This is demonstrable from the following examples: —

"He shall *in*crease, but I shall *de*crease."

"There is a difference between giving and *for*giving."

"In this species of composition, *plaus*ibility is much more essential than *prob*ability."

In these examples, the emphasis requires the accent to be placed on syllables to which it does not commonly belong.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule to be given is that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he is to pronounce; for to lay the emphasis with exact propriety is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment: it is one of the most decisive trials of a true and just taste, and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feeling of others.

There is one error against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and using the emphasis indiscriminately. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in the use of them that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a reader attempts to render every thing he expresses of high importance by a multi-

tude of strong emphases, — we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters, which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

Sect. VI. — *Tones.*

Tones are different both from emphasis and pauses, consisting in the notes or variations of sound which we employ in the expression of our sentiments. Emphasis affects particular words and phrases with a degree of tone or inflexion of voice; but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes even the whole of a discourse.

To show the use and necessity of tones, we need only observe, that the mind, in communicating its ideas, is in a constant state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas produce in the speaker. Now, the end of such communication being not merely to lay open the ideas, but also the different feelings, which they excite in him who utters them, there must be other signs than words to manifest those feelings, as words uttered in a monotonous manner can represent only a similar state of mind perfectly free from all activity or emotion. As the communication of these internal feelings was of much more consequence in our social intercourse than the mere conveyance of ideas, the Author of our being did not, as in that conveyance, leave the invention of the language of emotion to man, but impressed it himself upon our nature, in the same manner as he has done with regard to the rest of the animal world, all of which express their various feelings by various tones. Ours, indeed, from the superior rank that we hold, are in a high

degree more comprehensive; as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, or an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar tone, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed, and which is suited exactly to the degree of internal feeling. It is chiefly in the proper use of these tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

The limits of this Introduction do not admit of examples to illustrate the variety of tones belonging to the different passions and emotions. We shall, however, select one, which is extracted from the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, and which will, in some degree, elucidate what has been said on this subject: —

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away, — the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

The first of these divisions expresses sorrow and lamentation; therefore the note is low. The next contains a spirited command, and should be pronounced much higher. The other sentence, in which he makes a pathetic address to the mountains where his friends had been slain, must be expressed in a note quite different from the two former, — not so low as the first, nor so high as the second; in a manly, firm, and yet plaintive tone.

The correct and natural language of the emotions is not so difficult to be attained as most readers seem to imagine. If we enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, we shall not fail to deliver the words in properly varied tones: for there are few people, who speak English without a provin-

cial note, that have not an accurate use of tones when they utter their sentiments in earnest discourse; and the reason that they have not the same use of them, in reading aloud the sentiments of others, may be traced to the very defective and erroneous method in which the art of reading is taught, whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech are suppressed, and a few artificial, unmeaning reading notes are substituted for them.

But, when we recommend to readers an attention to the tone and language of emotions, we must be understood to do it with proper limitation. Moderation is necessary in this point, as it is in other things; for, when reading becomes strictly imitative, it assumes a theatrical manner, and must be highly improper, as well as give offence to the hearers, because it is inconsistent with that delicacy and modesty which are indispensable on such occasions. The speaker who delivers his own emotions must be supposed to be more vivid and animated than would be proper in the person who relates them at second-hand.

We shall conclude this section with the following rule for the tones that indicate the passions and emotions: —

"In reading, let all your tones of expression be borrowed from those of common speech, but, in some degree, more faintly characterized. Let those tones which signify any disagreeable passion of the mind be still more faint than those which indicate agreeable emotions; and, on all occasions, preserve yourselves so far from being affected with the subject as to be able to proceed through it with that easy and masterly manner which has its good effects in this as well as in every other art."

Sect. VII. — *Pauses.*

Pauses, or rests, in speaking or reading, are a total cessation of the voice during a perceptible, and in many cases a measurable, space of time. Pauses are equally

necessary to the speaker and the hearer; — to the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery, and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon tired by continued action; to the hearer, that the ear may also be relieved from the fatigue which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences and their several members.

There are two kinds of pauses, — first, emphatical pauses; and, next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is generally made *after* something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we desire to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, *before* such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules, especially to the caution of not repeating them too frequently; for, as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses is to mark the divisions of the sense, and, at the same time, to allow the reader to draw his breath; and the proper and delicate adjustment of such pauses is one of the most nice and difficult articles of delivery. In all reading, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to oblige us to divide words from one another which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one,

while he is reading, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period when the voice is suspended only for a moment; and, by this management, one may always have a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence without improper interruptions.

Pauses in reading must generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation, and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which is acquired from reading books according to the common punctuation. It will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses which ought to be made in reading. A mechanical attention to these resting-places has perhaps been one cause of monotony, by leading the reader to a similar tone at every stop, and a uniform cadence at every period. The primary use of points is to assist the reader in discerning the grammatical construction; and it is only as a secondary object that they regulate his pronunciation. On this head, the following direction may be of use: —

"Though, in reading, great attention should be paid to the stops, yet a greater should be given to the sense, and their correspondent times occasionally lengthened beyond what is usual in common speech."

To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated, much more than by the length of them, which can seldom be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is

proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the sentence to be finished. In all these cases, we are to regulate ourselves by attending to the manner in which Nature teaches us to speak when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others. The following sentence exemplifies the *suspending* and the *closing* pauses: —

"Hope, the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune."

The first and second pauses are accompanied by an inflection of voice that gives the hearer an expectation of something further to complete the sense; the inflection attending the third pause signifies that the sense is completed.

The preceding example is an illustration of the suspending pause in its simple state. The following instance exhibits that pause with a degree of cadence in the voice: —

"If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them."

The suspending pause is often, in the same sentence, attended with both the rising and the falling inflection of voice, as will be seen in this example: —

"Moderate exercise\, and habitual temperance/, strengthen the constitution." *

As the suspending pause may be thus attended with both the rising and the falling inflection, it is the same with regard to the closing pause: it admits of both. The

* The rising inflection is denoted by the acute, the falling by the grave, accent.

falling inflection generally accompanies it; but it is not unfrequently connected with the rising inflection. Interrogative sentences, for instance, are often terminated in this manner; as, —

"Am I ungrateful′?" "Is he in earnest′?"

But where a sentence is begun by an interrogative pronoun or adverb, it is commonly terminated by the falling inflection; as, —

"What has he gained by his folly\?" "Who will assist him\?" "Where is the messenger\?" "When did he arrive\?"

Where two questions are united in one sentence, and connected by the conjunction *or*, the first takes the rising, the second the falling, inflection; as, —

"Does his conduct support discipline′, or destroy it\?"

The rising and falling inflections must not be confounded with emphasis. Though they may often coincide, they are, in their nature, perfectly distinct. Emphasis sometimes controls those inflections.

The regular application of the rising and falling inflections confers so much beauty on expression, and is so necessary to be studied by the young reader, that we shall insert a few more examples, to induce him to pay greater attention to the subject. In these instances, all the inflections are not marked. Such only are distinguished as are most striking, and will best serve to show the reader their utility and importance: —

"Manufactures\, trade\, and agriculture′, naturally employ more than nineteen parts in twenty of the human species."

"He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy′, hatred\, malice\, anger′, but is in constant possession of a serene mind: he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature dis-

appointing, is in constant search of care\, solicitude′, remorse′, and confusion\."

"To advise the ignorant\, relieve the needy\, comfort the afflicted′, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives."

"Those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust′ and sensuality\, malice′ and revenge\; an aversion to every thing that is good\, just\, and laudable′, — are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery."

"I am persuaded that neither death′ nor life\; nor angels′, nor principalities′, nor powers\; nor things present′, nor things to come\; nor height′, nor depth\; nor any other creature′, — shall be able to separate us from the love of God\."

The reader who would wish to see a minute and ingenious investigation of the nature of these inflections, and the rules by which they are governed, may consult the first volume of "Walker's Elements of Elocution."

Sect. VIII. — *Manner of Reading Verse.*

When we are reading verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the melody of verse: one is the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the cæsural pause in or near the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible, and, in some measure, compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In respect to blank verse, we ought also to read it so as to make every line sensible to the ear; for what is the use

of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers by omitting the final pause, and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose? At the same time that we attend to this pause, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line, where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought not to be marked by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence; but, without either fall or elevation of the voice, it should be denoted only by such a slight suspension of sound as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of melodious pause is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs, — a pause not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæsural pause, may fall, in English heroic verse, after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable in the line. Where the verse is so constructed that this cæsural pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two first verses of Pope's "Messiah:" —

> "Ye nymphs of Solyma", begin the song!
> To heavenly themes" sublimer strains belong."

But if it should happen that words, which have such a strict and intimate connection as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this cæsural pause, we then feel a sort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines harmoniously. The rule of proper pronunciation, in such cases, is to regard only the pause which the sense forms, and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of

the cæsural pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following line of Milton, —

"What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support," —

the sense clearly dictates the pause after *illumine*, at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, *illumine* should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the fourth or sixth syllable. So in the following line of Pope's "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:" —

"I sit; with sad civility I read."

The ear plainly points out the cæsural pause as falling after *sad*, the fourth syllable; but it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate *sad* and *civility*. The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable *sit;* which, therefore, must be the only pause made in reading this part of the sentence.

There is another mode of dividing some verses, by introducing what may be called demi-cæsuras, which require very slight pauses, and which the reader should manage with judgment, or he will be apt to fall into an affected, sing-song mode of pronouncing verses of this kind. The following lines exemplify the demi-cæsura: —

"Warms′ in the sun″, refreshes′ in the breeze,
Glows′ in the stars″, and blossoms′ in the trees;
Lives′ through all life″, extends′ through all extent,
Spreads′ undivided″, operates′ unspent."

Before the conclusion of this Introduction, the compiler takes the liberty to recommend to those teachers, who

may favor his compilation, to exercise their pupils in discovering and explaining the emphatic words, and the proper tones and pauses, of every portion assigned them to read, previously to their being called out to the performance. These preparatory lessons, in which they should be regularly examined, will improve their judgment and taste; prevent the practice of reading without attention to the subject; and establish a habit of readily discovering the meaning, force, and beauty of every sentence they peruse.

THE

CHRISTIAN READER.

ON TRUE CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE.

I HAVE been informed that Thomas à Kempis lived and died in the profession of the Roman-Catholic religion; and, reading his writings, I have believed him to be a man of a true Christian spirit, as fully so as many who died martyrs because they could not join with some superstitions in that church.

All true Christians are of the same spirit; but their gifts are diverse, Jesus Christ appointing to each one his peculiar office agreeably to his infinite wisdom.

John Huss contended against the errors crept into the church, in opposition to the Council of Constance, which the historian reports to have consisted of some thousand persons. He modestly vindicated the cause which he believed was right; and though his language and conduct towards his judges appear to have been respectful, yet he never could be moved from the principles settled in his mind. To use his own words, "This I most humbly require and desire of you all, even for His sake who is the God of us all, that I be not compelled to the thing which my conscience doth repugn or strive against."

And again, in his answer to the emperor, "I refuse nothing, most noble emperor, whatsoever the council shall decree or determine upon me, only this one thing: I except that I do not offend God and my conscience." (Fox's "Acts and Monuments," p. 233.) At length, rather than act contrary to that which he believed the Lord required of him, he chose to suffer death by fire. Thomas à Kempis, without disputing against the articles then generally agreed to, appears to have labored by a pious example, as well as by preaching and writing, to promote virtue and the inward spiritual religion; and I believe they were both sincere-hearted followers of Christ.

True charity is an excellent virtue; and sincerely to labor for their good, whose belief in all points doth not agree with ours, is a happy state.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

TRUTH.

All joy to the believer! he can speak
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine.
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child:
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart.
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good.

I cast them at thy feet; my only plea
Is what it was, — dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below:
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the skies;
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise;
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.

COWPER.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

At the present time, when the diffusion of knowledge is become an object of general attention, and when efforts are being made on an extended scale to carry the blessings of education into the lowest abodes of poverty, does it not become more peculiarly the duty of those, who occupy a somewhat higher station in society, to direct their energies to the cultivation of the mind, to the expansion of those intellectual faculties with which the great Author of our being has dignified his creature man, and which were undoubtedly bestowed upon him for great and noble purposes, that he might employ them, under the regulating influence of religious principle, to the praise of his Creator and to the improvement of his species? The pursuit of laudable and useful science appears to be fraught with results of no ordinary importance; not only multiplying advantageous discoveries, but, by the acquirement of languages, facilitating communication between the most distant regions of the earth, and thereby gradually preparing the way for the more complete fulfilment of the glorious promises of the gospel.

But the good of mankind in general is not the only

advantage resulting from study. It invigorates the tone of the mind, and, next to the restraints of religion, furnishes the best preservatives of virtue, by providing a sober and rational entertainment for those hours of leisure which might otherwise be passed in the tumult of dissipation, or lost in the inanity of idleness. And certainly, to those who are by wise regulations excluded from the amusements of the gay, it would be highly desirable to become in some degree qualified to enjoy the society of the cultivated and intelligent. MARIA FOX.

WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

L. M. CHILD says, "I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and *take* it. I think it was in the Tyrol. But, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by their works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they *will* take it, they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, — the 'harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take

the town.' — 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' — 'But is there nobody here to fight?' — 'No: we are all Christians.' Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about; and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser."

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

Wheat Sheaf.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door:
Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary man,
Whose years are at the brim;
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain:
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,—
Widow and orphan helpless left:
Go thou, and shelter him.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb;
Whose thoughts are all beyond the grave:
Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor-worm,—
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery:
Go, share thy lot with him.

Wheat Sheaf.

"THE INVISIBLE THINGS OF HIM ARE SEEN BY THE THINGS THAT ARE MADE."

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble old castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the groves of trees, which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a certain noble gentleman whom we will call the Baron. This baron had an only son,

who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old baron. As soon as this gentleman (as he was called) came into the castle, he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman answered that he knew nothing about God; for he had never seen him.

The baron did not notice this reply at the time; but, the next morning, he took him about his castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

The visitor admired it very much, and said, "Whoever drew that picture knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman. The baron then went with the visitor into his garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers, and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the baron. "He knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in this house looked so innocent

and so happy, that the French gentleman was very much pleased; and, when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works; and I know he must be both good and clever, if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do! And, now, please to draw near to this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods. I see pasture-grounds and orchards and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields, and many thatched cottages scattered here and there."

"And do you see any thing to be admired in all this? Is there any thing pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think I want common sense, or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend," said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, which are poor and imperfect, how does it happen that you cannot form some judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have lost the use of your senses."

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and waves together meet,
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high:
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursling of the sky.

With soft, caressing touch, the wind
In summer round it played,
And, murmuring through its tiny caves,
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet
With mountain pérfume, brought
A changeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus, day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew;
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;
Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night, the lonely stars looked forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down
Gently and silently;—

And forest-birds, from distant isles,
A moment settled there,
And from their plumage shook the seeds,
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew; and tender plants
Rose up amid the dearth,
Bloomed, died, and dropped upon the soil,
Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed: a hundred trees
Graced that once barren strand;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A germ of good is sown,
Where strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud-spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, — very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness; resolution, in obstinacy; wisdom, in cunning; patience, in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? and what color of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of hap-

piness in another world as well as in this, — and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is, therefore, an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have here been speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped; sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure. Sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

ADDISON.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here:
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the dayspring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud; —

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
  Its fringèd border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossèd gem,
  That, set in silver, gleams within; —

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
  O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
  In every step, the stamp of God?

MASON GOOD.

THE LAW OF USE.

One more evil I have to notice; viz., the misery which must result from the entire violation of our last law, — the law of use. We have just considered the evil of undue exercise of any portion of our being, — the conversion of a temporary object into the supreme end. We would now speak of the *aimless existence*, that strange anomaly in creation, — a human being with nothing to do. Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy. The birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. O plant, O stream, worthy of admiration to the wretched idler! here are powers ye never dreamed of, — faculties divine, eternal: a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts;

a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away, wasted as water poured forth in the desert! O birds and flowers! ye are gods to such a mockery of life. Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence; the yearning for an object; the self-reproach for wasted powers; the weariness of daily life; the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity; and the fearful consciousness of deadening life, — of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests: when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal helplessness and desolation? . . .

Noble work! Welcome struggle, suffering, torture, if that be our path! It is bliss, it is angels' food, if so we may accomplish our destiny, — if so we may fulfil a divine use.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

The nobler instincts of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas More. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family; and every heart contains an incorruptible seed, capable of springing up, and producing all that man can

know of God and duty and the soul. An inward voice — uncreated by schools, independent of refinement — opens to the unlettered hind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth. This is the faith of the people called Quakers. Their rise is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally, by the people, as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age, all reflection on politics and morals presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy summoned from the cloister, the college, and saloon, and planted among the most despised of the people. As poetry is older than critics, so philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us; and the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers was the natural consequence of the origin of their sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity; and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word, — the Inner Light, the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality, and therefore, in its freedom, the highest revelation of truth. It is kindred with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement, — these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history. . . .

Others have sought wisdom by consulting the outward world, and, confounding consciousness with reflection, have

trusted solely to the senses for the materials of thought. The Quaker, placing no dependence on the world of the senses, calls the soul home from its wanderings through the mazes of tradition and the wonders of the visible universe, bidding the vagrant sit down by its own fires, to read the divine inscription on the heart.

The method of the Quaker coincided with that of Descartes and his disciples, who founded their system on consciousness, and made the human mind the point of departure in philosophy.

But Descartes plunged immediately into the confusion of hypothesis, drifting to sea, to be wrecked among the barren waves of ontological speculation. And even Leibnitz, confident in his genius and learning, lost his way among the monads of creation and the pre-established harmonies in this best of all possible worlds.

The Quaker adhered strictly to his method. Like the timid navigators of old times, who carefully kept near the shore, he never ventured to sea, except with the certain guidance of the cynosure in the heart.

He was consistent; for he set no value on learning acquired in any other way. Tradition cannot enjoin a ceremony, still less establish a doctrine. Historical faith is as the old heavens, that are to be wrapped up as a scroll. Far from rejecting Christianity, the Quaker insisted that he alone maintained its primitive simplicity. The sceptic for ever vibrated between opinions: the Quaker was fixed even to dogmatism. The infidel rejected religion: the Quaker cherished it as his life. The scoffer pushed freedom to dissoluteness: the Quaker circumscribed freedom by obedience to truth. George Fox and Voltaire both protested against priestcraft, — Voltaire in behalf of the senses, Fox in behalf of the soul. To the Quakers, Christianity is freedom; and they loved to remember that

the patriarchs were graziers; that the prophets were mechanics and shepherds; that John Baptist, the greatest of envoys, was clad in a rough garment of camel's hair. To them, there was joy in the thought that the brightest image of Divinity on earth had been born in a manger; had been reared under the roof of a carpenter; had been content, for himself and his guests, with no greater luxury than barley-loaves and fishes; and that the messengers of his choice had been rustics like themselves. The Inner Light is to the Quaker not only the revelation of Truth, but the guide of life and the oracle of duty. He demands the uniform predominance of the world of thought over the world of sensation. Thus the doctrine of disinterested virtue — the doctrine for which Guyon was persecuted, and Fenelon disgraced; the doctrine which tyrants condemn as rebellion, and priests as heresy — was cherished by the Quaker as the foundation of morality.

BANCROFT.

THAT PHILOSOPHY WHICH STOPS AT SECONDARY CAUSES REPROVED.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life;
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme!
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate)? Could Chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
Then God might be surprised and unforeseen;

Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
And, having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies, the Power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming Health:
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear; he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogenial and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws, their sure effects
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart, and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means, since first he made the world?
And did he not, of old, employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Formed for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

COWPER.

MORAL AND LITERARY STUDIES.

THE deep sympathy with which we must always regard our own race invests moral and literary studies with a peculiar interest. Nor are they deficient in practical utility.

We are all charged with the duty of self-improvement; and, to the proper performance of that duty, nothing is more essential than an acquaintance with ourselves, — such acquaintance as can be gained only by comparing our personal characters with the original constitution of our nature, and by being fully apprised of the deceitfulness and infirmity of our hearts. We shall be called, too, to operate on the minds of others.

As parents, we shall have occasion to guide and influence the minds of our children; as men of business, we shall succeed, or fail of success, very much as we can inspire the community with confidence in our judgment and principles, and give direction to the taste and opinions of those with whom we deal. So also in our professional pursuits, — in our course as citizens, as neighbors, and as men. There are few occasions, indeed, on which we can act wisely and efficiently without having some regard to the principles of human nature; and he whose views in this respect are unsettled, or narrow, will find in such views a most fruitful source of error and disappointment.

Whence is it that some men seem to move, with an unerring sagacity, towards their object, foreseeing and obviating, enlisting friends, converting even opposition into aid, and impressing on all a conviction of their power and skill? It is no superhuman or original instinct with which

such men have been endowed: it is, rather, acquired wisdom and tact, which they have gained by observing closely the characters and actions of men, and the course of human events.

Another advantage of this course of studies is to be found in their effect on mental culture. In order to give full and harmonious development to all our powers, we need studies which address imagination as well as reason; which enlist the feelings, while they enlighten the understanding; which call us to balance probabilities, and to analyze complex objects of thought.

We need studies which shall accustom us to control the excursions of fancy, and to give them such direction that they shall aid reason, strengthen virtue, and incite to high aspirations after excellence. We need a training that shall enable us to command our thoughts under the most agitating circumstances, and to subordinate our feelings to the authority of judgment and conscience.

I need hardly add, that, in these respects, no studies can be so useful as those which, by introducing us to our fellow-men at eventful moments, — when they are called to act under deep emotion, and in view of great interests, — train us to the habit of combining judgment with feeling, — of consulting truth and right, while we do not stifle sympathy.

Mathematical studies cultivate the power of close and continuous attention; physical science gives scope and employment to the practical as well as the speculative reason: but it is the science of man, as unfolded by philosophy, history, and poetry, that seems best calculated to make the mind vigilant in observation, jealous of fallacy, vigorous and comprehensive in thought, chastened in taste, and discursive, yet sober, in fancy.

BISHOP POTTER.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
  Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
  For every want of ours, —
For luxury, medicine, and toil, —
  And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
  Requireth none to grow;
Nor does it need the lotus-flowers
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain;
  The nightly dews might fall;
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night; —

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
  Where no one passes by?

Our outward life requires them not:
  Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
  To beautify the earth; —

To comfort man; to whisper hope
  Whene'er his face is dim:
For who so careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him.

MARY HOWITT.

REFORM.

NOTHING can be worthy the name of Reform that is not based on the Christian religion; that does not acknowledge the laws of eternal truth and justice; that does not find its life in Christian charity, and its light in Christian truth.

The tendency of reform, at the present day, is too often to separate itself from religion; for religion cannot work fast enough to satisfy its haste, — cannot, at the end of each year, count the steps it has advanced in arithmetical numbers. The reformer asks not always for general growth and advancement in Christian character, but demands special evidences, startling results, tangible proofs. These things all have their value, and the persons who strive for them doubtless have their reward; but, if the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness were first sought, the good things so fiercely advocated and labored after by special reformers would be added unto them, as naturally as flowers and fruit, and the wealth of harvest, are added to the light and warmth of the advancing year. — *Elements of Character.* By MARY G. CHANDLER.

A PAGE FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

NATURE'S book is never sealed. Its pages are ever, ever unfolding with new and delightful instruction. It opens now to pictures of sombre tint, and lines of grave import, in the tracery of sober Autumn. Read ye one short and wholesome lesson.

Behold, in the depth of the wooded ravine, how the green grass, untouched by the frost, yet softly lingers; and quietly and slowly the stream wanders among the verdure. High above, towers the majestic oak. In his summer pride, he looked down upon the grass and the stream like a monarch from his throne.

Where now is his glory? The frost has touched his emerald coronal, and, fading, it falls to the ground: his loftiness only exposes his desolation.

Why, oh why, will not man learn the blessedness of contentment in a lowly sphere? The loftiest head must bear the fiercest wrath of the tempest. Blighting care, and the frosts of calumny, fall first upon the famous and most powerful; and, when strength and beauty fail them, the eyes of a sneering world are upon their stately helplessness.

But the streams of secure happiness water the vales of sequestered life; and upon their banks the virtuous soul may enjoy a long youthfulness of heart, — may flourish in a hale and cheerful old age, — gaining nearer glimpses of heaven through the barrenness which follows the summer glory of human pride.

Similitudes.

IMPRESSIONS OF RAINDROPS.

In the days of early mystery, before men were, when the cavernous earth was haunted with strange shapes, to which the learned have given strange names, — the ichthyosaurus, the megatherium, and the pterodactyle, — the translators of the fossil writings in the rocks tell us, that, at various epochs, floods of ruin swept over the yet-unformed globe.

Then the forests of tree-fern were submerged; then uncouth reptiles were petrified in the fissures where they had crept to hide from the crashing elements; and then were shells, plants, and leaves arranged in that vast subterranean cabinet which is the wonder of recent ages.

Nor these alone. When the chaotic turmoil began to subside, and a new order of life was struggling up from the ruin, light showers of rain fell upon the seething expanse, and left perfect impressions of their drops in the then soft adamant.

If thus the secrets of the material world have been engraved and are revealed, shall thy history, O soul! be left to pass into oblivion? All that lies hidden within — the low desire, the dark, unholy motive — must, at last, be upheaved to light, from the overlying strata of time and forgetfulness; and so shall all that is noble, pure, and true. And if, when the surges of passion are growing calm, tears of penitence follow the commotion, they too shall leave their lasting impress, and be recognized as having antedated a new and sublimer life.

Similitudes.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I AM a Pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me:
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart, but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth;
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble; but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay, for a moment, abashed and mute.
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low:
But, to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,

And beside a personage so august,
Abashed, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak;
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said,
"A modest Acorn, never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell;
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup,
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth!—
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth.
And, oh, how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer, here
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget;
And it lies there, wrapped in silence, yet.

H. F. GOULD.

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it to look into it as it should, through haste to pursue what is out of sight. He that rides post through a country, may be able, from the transient view, to tell, in general, how the parts lie, and may be able to give some description of here a mountain, and there a plain; here a morass, and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannas in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it: but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging.

Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter is knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it, with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until he has mastered the difficulty, and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme. A man must not stick at every nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the

other that travelled at full speed. Truths are not the better, nor the worse, for their obviousness or difficulty; but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste, that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety (which makes it skip over one, to get speedily to another, part of knowledge), but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge its stock; but it is of fancies, not realities. Theories built upon such narrow foundations stand but weakly, and, if they fall not themselves, are at least with difficulty supported against the assaults of opposition.

And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others.

General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are, therefore, to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take the counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry; and they do well who take those hints: but to turn them into conclusions, and immediately

adopt them as general rules, would be assuming propositions for truths without sufficient warrant.

This is to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, — or, at least, it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes every thing an observation has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

JOHN LOCKE.

EXTRACT FROM "ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER."

THOSE who are not constrained to work should remember that a life of idleness cannot be a life of innocence; for the idle cannot serve the Lord. A life that does not cultivate one's own capacities, and aid either in supplying the wants or cultivating the capacities of some one beside self, is no preparation for heaven; for the heavenly life is one of perpetual advance, because of untiring use. . . .

No class of human beings bears a more heavy weight of responsibility than that which is placed beyond the necessity of effort; and there is none whose position has a stronger tendency to blind it to the calls of duty. Although every gift bestowed upon us by Providence — whether of mind, body, or estate — is but another talent, for the employment of which we must be one day called to account, yet these added talents too often excite in us a feeling of superiority, which induces us to demand that others should minister to us, and causes us to forget that

he who would be greatest must be by doing more and greater services than others, and not by receiving them.

Persons, whose position places them beyond the need of effort, would do well to select some special study or employment, to occupy and develop their mental life, and save them from the inanity, ennui, and selfishness that are sure to follow in the footsteps of idleness. Poverty of mind is rendered all the more prominent and disgusting, if accompanied by external wealth; and, to such a mind, wealth is but a means to folly, if to nothing worse.

Neither wealth nor poverty, neither strength nor weakness, neither genius nor the want of it, neither ten talents nor one, can excuse any human being from training his faculties in a way to develop them to the utmost, and forming them into a symmetrical whole, — the type of a true humanity.

M. G. CHANDLER.

FLOWERS BENEATH DEAD LEAVES.

Two friends were walking together beside a picturesque mill-stream. While they walked, they talked of mortal life, its meaning and its end; and, as is almost inevitable with such themes, the current of their thoughts gradually lost its cheerful flow.

"This is a miserable world," said one: "the black shroud of sorrow overhangs every thing here."

"Not so," replied the other. "Sorrow is not a shroud: it is only the covering Hope wraps about her when she sleeps."

Just then, they entered an oak grove. It was early

spring, and the trees were bare; but last year's leaves lay thick as snow-drifts upon the ground.

"The liverwort grows here, I think, — one of our earliest flowers," said the last speaker. "There! push away the leaves, and you will see it. How beautiful, with its delicate shades of pink and purple and green, lying against the bare roots of the oak-trees! But look deeper, or you will not find the flowers: they are under the dead leaves."

"Now I have learned a lesson that I shall not forget," said her friend. "This seems to me a bad world; and there is no denying that there are bad things in it. To a sweeping glance, it will sometimes seem barren and desolate; but not one buried germ of life and beauty is lost to the all-seeing eye. Having the weakness of human vision, I must believe where I cannot see. Henceforth, when I am tempted to complainings and despair on account of evil, I will say to myself, 'Look deeper; look under the dead leaves, and you will find flowers.'"

THE NAUTILUS.

FAR o'er the waves, when the winds are asleep,
And hushed is the cry of the sea-bird's wild note,
And the sunshine of heaven plays over the deep,
There the Nautilus glides in her beautiful boat.
How she spreads her broad sail! how she speeds on her flight!
Alone on the billow, she feels no alarm;
A vision of beauty, a creature of light!
She dreams not of danger, she dreads not the storm.

Should a tempest arise, swiftly furled is the sail:
One moment she lingers, — we see her no more:
She is gone where she hears not the blast of the gale,
To sleep till the storm and the tempest are o'er.

In that beautiful creature, an emblem I see
Of a spirit redeemed, — of a soul that's at rest.
Embarked on the waves of Life's treacherous sea,
While the sunshine of glory plays over her breast,
All unfurled is her sail; for the breathings of love
Waft her swiftly away from the troubles of time.
She fears not the billows, while gazing above;
She steers her frail bark to Heaven's beautiful clime.
Should the storm roll around, should the waters prevail,
She flies to the haven of safety and peace:
In the depths of His mercy she hides from the gale,
And sleeps till the storm and the tempest shall cease.

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT; DESPISE NOT PROPHESYINGS."

THE precepts contained in this verse are, each of them, of great importance; and they are most happily combined. They are distinct from each other, and may even be contrasted; and yet they coincide with a wondrous harmony.

By the word "prophesyings" we are not here to understand predictions, but declarations of divine truth. It was the office of the prophets, or inspired servants of God, to proclaim the realities of true religion; and the fulfilment of this office was rightly called prophesying.

Prophesying, therefore, is the instrument by which the Spirit acts; and the Spirit is the power by whom prophesying is applied. In vain, for the purpose of our soul's salvation, is the external revelation of divine truth, unless, for its application to our understanding and our heart, we are brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit. The preacher who is engaged in declaring to others the truths which the Bible contains, and in pressing them upon the attention of his hearers, may be conceived of as holding in his hand a stamp engraven with certain characters which it is his desire to impress upon some substance hard to be penetrated. His own strength is insufficient for the purpose. When he applies the stamp, the characters, notwithstanding all his efforts, are not impressed; but let his hand be guided by some superior skill, and driven by some unseen power of wondrous efficacy, and the impression shall be made with ease, even on a most unyielding tablet.

Still, it is no new truth which the Spirit thus impresses: the letters in the stamp are fixed and unchanging. The Scriptures contain the whole record, — a record to which no addition is required. Let the eye be directed to an extensive and distant landscape, of which, by its natural force, it is wholly unable to distinguish the exact features: the telescope will just reveal them all to you; but it will add nothing to the landscape.

While, therefore, it ought to be our first and constant endeavor to yield ourselves to the influence of the Spirit, to obey his dictates, and to obtain his illuminations, we must be diligent in the use of the appointed means; we must not despise prophesyings; we must delight ourselves in the study of Scripture; our souls must always be turned towards the truth.

A blind man may have his sight restored by some

miraculous agency; but comparatively useless would be the miracle, were his back for ever turned on the object which it was the most important for him to behold. Let us go forth to meet the Sun of Righteousness, that, when our vision is restored, we may behold his glory.

CHALMERS.

THE SMILE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.*

LOVELY, as the meaning of thy name is lovely, art thou, Winnipiseogee; and fair are the islands that rise from thy placid waters, as pleasant words which are twin-born with a smile. Fair, too, are the embracing mountains set to guard thee, whether starbeams cincture their heads, or white clouds hang in a fleecy girdle about their sides, or the rain and the mist pass over them with ever-shifting hues, as the inmost emotions of the soul are changefully shaded upon a face that speaks without words.

And silent and solemn are the bold mountain-peaks that loom up behind, beckoning the wanderer through the long perspective to hills on hills beyond, which scaling, he shall at length behold the lofty White Hills of the North.

Friend, in whose presence was first revealed to me the beauty of the blue New-Hampshire hills, — smiling through the hazy, floating veil of retreating summer, or paling and darkening with the changes of the weeping clouds, — the sunlight of thy broad humanity has made clearer to me the charm and blessing of life's present realities and dimly outlined mysteries, and has shown me the smile of the

* The signification of the Indian name Winnipiseogee.

Great Spirit, ever serenely reflected from amid the wearisome and sorrowful mountains of existence.

What lies beyond those mountains? Fairer islands, stiller waters, than these; grander heights of mystery, too, the cloudy wonders of whose summits are glorious with unutterable splendor from the eternal Light: but over those heights will never darken the mists of human doubt, the rain of human sorrow.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven, o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,—
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of Loves and Graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot? Look around:
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BEAUTIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMATED being is that branch of natural history which possesses charms the most numerous and diversified, and is fraught with the most important consequences to man. But this division of nature cannot be comprised at a glance. It is advisable that the student should begin with examining the nature and qualities of such quadrupeds as are most familiar to his observation. Even in the dog and horse, how many properties reside which are seldom considered with attention! From such objects as are most obvious and inviting, he should gradually ascend, by firm and patient steps, to the knowledge of others.

The larger animals, and such as contribute to general pleasure and utility, will doubtless first engage his attention. After duly scanning their nature and instincts, their growth, their maturation, their increase, the care of their young, their selection of food, and the various means with which Providence has endowed them for their preserva-

tion, the student should descend to an examination of such quadrupeds as are more minute or retired from his notice, and, when he is tolerably well acquainted with those of his own country, should extend his views to the natives of foreign regions.

The sagacious docility of the elephant, the persevering fortitude of the camel, the generous magnanimity of the lion, and the savage fierceness of the hyena and the tiger, will supply abundant materials for reflection, and incentives to further and closer investigation. It will be thus discovered how the useful quadrupeds are wisely allotted to their respective climates and to the exigencies of man, and how the noxious classes are generally restrained to haunts little frequented by our race, while their numbers are limited by the most admirable and benevolent economy of nature.

After this acquaintance with the history of quadrupeds, the student should proceed to birds, — the most beautiful and innocent tribes of the creation, — and learn the means by which they are enabled to subsist, either on land or water; examine the invariable structure of their nests, according to their respective kinds; and observe the fond affection they display for their young. He will find that those birds whose beauty of plumage excites his admiration are generally destitute of harmonious voices, so that the parrot, the peacock, and pheasant disgust by their screams; while the homely lark, the nightingale, and blackbird delight by the sweetness of their melody.

Reptiles, the next class in animated nature, are far less numerous, and less inviting. In the formidable alligator, in the poisonous serpent, in the harmless tortoise, and the lively frog, very opposite qualities will be discovered; but in all will still be discernible a perfect fitness to their respective situations in the scale of creation.

The next class to which the student should turn his attention is that of fishes. The conformation of these; their wonderful adaptation to the element which they inhabit; their powers and faculties, though inferior to those of birds and beasts, — will challenge his admiration, and animate his researches.

Entomology, or the natural history of insects, is so extensive as to baffle the most inquisitive investigator. Every plant, every leaf, is the abode or food of one or more species, some of which are imperceptible to the naked eye. All insects are propagated from eggs, and, by a wonderful law of nature, undergo several metamorphoses before they arrive at their perfect state. The caterpillar, the aurelia, and the butterfly, so distinguishable from each other, are but names for one and the same animal in different stages of its existence. Even the minutest insects are formed with as much skill as the most stately quadrupeds, and are equally qualified to enjoy life.

A general knowledge, however, of this numerous class will be sufficient; and, from insects, he will extend his observation to the shelly tribes, the beauty and the mechanism of which baffle all description. In these, life seems to be scarcely active, and to many of them a locomotive power is denied; yet even the zoöphyte, which connects the animal with the vegetable kingdom, even the animalcule, has its sphere of duties to fulfil, and its share of blessings to enjoy.

From the study of animated being, let the curious student direct his attention to *vegetables*, from vegetables to *minerals*, and from the garniture produce of the earth to the celestial orbs that roll in the abyss of space, the planets in their regular courses, the comets in their eccentric orbits, and the myriads of fixed stars that adorn the

vaults of heaven. How amazing is the contemplation of the universe! Wonders crowd on wonders; and the mind is bewildered, till it recurs to the supreme, universal Cause, and reposes on the bosom of Omnipotence.

MAVOR.

GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.

It is bad policy, in those who contend for the truth of revealed religion, to extend their lines of defence to a greater length than necessity demands. By such conduct, we may give countenance to the notion that we are weak, when, in point of fact, we dwell in an impregnable fortress. I am of opinion, that, in the first two verses of the Book of Genesis, there is ample room for all the discoveries, and even for the speculations, of geology. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Such was the state of things when the "Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" and then began the first day's work. "God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night; and the evening and the morning were the first day."

There appears to me nothing in these verses which necessarily indicates that the original creation of the "heaven and earth" formed a part of the first day's work. The first day's work was the creation or revelation of light. If we ascribe to that day this single

operation, it maintains its balance with the days which follow, on each of which there was a proportionate exertion of the divine power. On the second day, the firmament was created; on the third, the dry land was separated from the sea, and clothed with the vegetable tribes. I conclude, therefore, that the original fiat of the Almighty, which called into being the heaven and the earth, was anterior to the first day; at what distance of time, it were idle to conjecture.

. . . . . .

Whatever we may make of the question of the age of our globe, geology furnishes us with a noble evidence of the creative power of God. When we inspect the machinery of nature, and argue with Paley from the contrivance to a contriver, the atheist sometimes tells us that the order of nature, for any thing we know, may have been eternal. But geology has supplied us with ample proofs that the present order of nature has *not* been eternal; that, at no immeasurable distance of time, it had an actual beginning. The animals and plants with which the world once teemed are known no more: the earth is covered and adorned with an almost endless variety of new species.

Can any thing possibly account for this fact, short of the fiat of Omnipotence? If we conclude that the fossil remains, in the secondary rocks, belong to a date anterior to the present order of nature, it appears that those which are found in the tertiary deposit, in many of which are those of animals and plants still extant, may well be accounted for by the Deluge, and serve to establish the reality of that event. Thus, on the whole, the Scripture history and the science of geology are so far from being irremediably at variance, that they contain the elements of mutual harmony and accordance. CHALMERS.

MOSSES.

HAVE you ever gathered mosses
In the lone and quiet woods?
Do you know their dim, cool places
In the shady solitudes, —

Where the interlacing branches
Let no ray of sunshine fall;
Where nimble squirrels leap and run,
And noisy blue-jays call; —

Where wild flowers, in the dim, soft light,
In pale, sweet beauty bloom;
And you find the low arbutus
By its rare and fine perfume?

Go you abroad when April's wind
By May's warm sun is met,
From every wild, untrodden spot
The fairy moss to get, —

That velvet kind, whose rich, bright green,
On moist, cold earth is found;
Where clear, distilled spring-waters
Ooze from the upper ground?

Or seek you for the star-moss,
Or wood-moss, gray and pale,
Which hangs around the lofty pines
Its soft and mist-like veil?

Search you in sheltered hollows,
The slender ferns among,
For that which bears its blossoms
Like bells by fairies hung?

Or roam you far and wide to find,
The rough stones turning over,
That richer kind, with crimson balls,
One rarely can discover?

There is one which, like a Naiad,
Lives in the running stream;
And, through the waves, its tiny leaves
Like sprays of emerald seem.

Another, with its slender roots,
Clings to the rough, brown bark,
And brightens with its vivid green
The tree-stems tall and dark.

Another overspreads the rocks,
And clothes the barren steeps,
And, through the winter's frost and snow,
Its pallid beauty keeps.

Truly this pleasant earth is full
Of wild and sylvan graces,
Which lend a nameless charm to all
Its wilderness waste places.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ORDER IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF OUR TIME.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God, of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. "To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven." If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burthen which belongs not to it: we load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in noth-

ing more capricious and inconstant than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and, with the greatest anxiety, seek to lengthen it out; but, when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion.

While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal: they allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution; but, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labors under a burthen not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he, who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time: by proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to

God and his own soul, and, at the same time, attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly; they are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains; whereas those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance; or they are filled up with such a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

BLAIR.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

An acorn and a nut were lying side by side in the earth, at a small distance from the surface, on a bright, warm day in spring, when the former, feeling a new energy stirring within, said to his friend the nut, "I am tired of my inactivity. It is now more than four months that I have been dozing here in the dirt; but Spring has brought back the pleasant sunshine, and I intend to put forth my sprouts, and cast down my roots, and become a plant. I will attempt to become an oak. What say you to this, my friend? I hope you are of the same mind."

"Alas!" replied the nut, "I feel, no less than you, an inward prompting to unfold the germ that is within my breast; but I fear lest some evil should befall me in my unguarded growth, and I should perish. Now I am out of the reach of danger, and securely am I armed in my coat of mail; but, were I to put forth my tender shoot,

the rat of the earth might devour it in a moment, or the foot of the careless wild goat might crush me to my death. So," continued he, "though I have a desire to accomplish the end of my creation, and become a tree, yet the dangers are so many that I dare not hazard the attempt. I shall not put forth this spring."

"Poor nut!" said the acorn, with a sigh; "I hope you will change your mind: you can be but little worse off than you are now, even if the earth-rat does visit you. Pray consider; and doubtless you will think differently upon it."

But the nut, fearful of danger, had closed his shell, and heard not the kind counsel of his friend. The acorn immediately put forth his little shoots, and soon found himself in a new world. The sun smiled upon him by day, and the dews refreshed him by night. He grew up noiselessly (for he was modest) and rapidly (for he was full of faith), and soon attained an eminence among the sons of the valley.

In time, the acorn became a mighty tree, the parent of forests. His trunk was a mighty column; and his many boughs spread out a wood of verdure. The stag and the wild goat found shelter from the keen arrows of the storm under his arms; the robin and the summer-thrush repaid his protection by the delicious harmony of their voices; and the cheerful squirrel found in the oak both a house and a granary. The wanderer lay down under his cool shade to repose from the heats and fatigues of his dusty travel. He knelt at his morning prayer, while the new-risen sun greeted the old oak and kissed his forehead, and said, "Blessed be the oak which has sheltered me, and blessed be the hand that planted it! May they find peace!" Thus centuries had passed away. Time corrupted the mail of the nut; and the earth-worm, with its

frightful fangs, tore out his heart. "*Alas!*" said the expiring nut, "*alas that I had no faith!*"

INDIAN COMMENTARY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."
Eccl. xi. 1.

Some years ago, one of the preachers of the Mohegan tribe of Indians — which tribe is situated on the Thames, between Norwich and New London — was preaching on the above text.

To illustrate his subject, and enforce the doctrine of charity, he brought forward a circumstance that transpired in his early days. To use his own language, he observed, "A certain man was going from Norwich to New London with a loaded team. On attempting to ascend the hill where Indian lives, he found his team could not draw his load: he came to Indian, and got him to help him up with his oxen. After he had got up, he asked Indian what was to pay. Indian tell him to do as much for some one else. Some time afterwards, Indian wanted a canoe. He went up Shetucket River, found a tree, and made him one. When he got it done, he could not get it to the river. Accordingly he went to a man, and offered him all the money he had if he would go and draw it to the river for him. The man said he would go. After getting it to the river, Indian offer to pay him. 'No,' said the man: 'don't you recollect so long ago helping a man up the hill by your house?'—'Yes.'—'Well, I am the man. There, take your canoe, and go home.' So I find it after many days."

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove, —
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself nor with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man: —

"Ah! why all abandoned to darkness and woe?
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer! man calls thee to mourn:
Oh! soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away, —
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb! and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands! I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
  Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
  Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
  Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
  That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
  Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'Oh, pity, great Father of light!' then I cried,
  'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
  From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
  No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller faint and astray
  The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
  And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
  And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

BEATTIE.

EXCELLENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truth of the gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I con-

gratulate the man who is possessed of it; for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the gospel. It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.

Poetry is sublime when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the heart. The Psalms are remarkable beyond all other writings for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect alone that they are sublime: of the Divine Nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty as it is vain to look for in any human composition. Such of the doctrines of the gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom —

"Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows."

BLAIR.

THE GOOD MAN'S COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

THE religion of Christ not only arms us with fortitude against the approach of evil, but, supposing evils to fall upon us with their heaviest pressure, it lightens the load by many consolations to which others are strangers. While bad men trace in the calamities with which they are visited the hand of an offended Sovereign, Christians are taught to view them as the well-intended chastisements of a merciful Father. They hear amidst them that still voice, which a good conscience brings to their ear, — "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." They apply to themselves the comfortable promises with which the gospel abounds: they discover in these the happy issue decreed to their troubles, and wait with patience till Providence shall have accomplished its great and good designs. In the mean time, Devotion opens to them its blessed and holy sanctuary; that sanctuary in which the wounded heart is healed, and the weary mind is at rest; where the cares of the world are forgotten; where its tumults are hushed, and its miseries disappear; where greater objects open to our view than any which the world presents; where a more serene sky shines, and a sweeter and calmer light beams on the afflicted heart. In those moments of devotion, a pious man, pouring out his wants and sorrows to an almighty Supporter, feels that he is not left solitary and forsaken in a vale of woe. God is with him; Christ and the Holy Spirit are with him; and, though he should be bereaved of every friend on earth, he can look up in heaven to a Friend that will never desert him. BLAIR.

ON THE CAPACITIES OF ANIMALS, INCLUDING HABIT.

One kind of bee displays the art of a carpenter; a second, that of a mason; a third, that of an upholsterer. The beavers, who set us an example of peaceful social life, are skilful sawyers, builders, and engineers. By gradual and united efforts, they often fell a tree of large dimensions, and always in such a manner that it falls in the right direction. The vast dams which by this and other means they raise across rivers, and which secure for them a pool to dwell in, are formed on the most scientific principles, and are furnished with sloping holes, contracted or enlarged as occasion requires, which carry off the surplus water. Their houses are built, with admirable firmness, against the banks of the river, and are plastered with the greatest neatness: they are provided with doors of entrance or egress towards both land and water, with stories and chambers suited to a family, and with carpets of leaves and branches.

In order, however, to form a just notion of the operation of instinct, nothing can be more to our purpose than to reflect for a few moments on the wonders of the honeycomb. Were we to inquire of the geometer into what equal and similar figures a plane can be divided so that all interstices should be avoided, he would presently tell us that there exist only three such figures,—the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon; and were we further to ask him which of these figures would afford the greatest strength, and the most ample room for stowage, he would reply, "The last of the three." Now, this is precisely the figure which the common hive-bee

has adopted for her cell. The plane presented to the eye by the section of a honeycomb, is divided, with the utmost exactness, into regular hexagons; and these are so arranged, with respect to each other, as to insure the greatest possible degree of stability. The angular bottom of each cell rests on the partition between two other cells, and thus is furnished with a firm buttress on either side.

Our next question must be addressed, not to the mere disciple of Euclid, but to the profound mathematician. Supposing a space of solid measurement to be composed of hexagon cells, at what precise angle ought the three planes which compose the bottom of a cell to meet, so as to effect the greatest possible saving of labor and material? The celebrated Maclaurin has determined this question by a fluxionary calculation, and has proved that the angle required is precisely that in which the three planes at the bottom of a cell in the honeycomb do actually meet.*

From these facts, it seems impossible to avoid deducing one of two inferences, — either that the bee is a proficient in superficial and solid geometry, and even in high mathematics; or that she is guided in her work, and qualified for its instinctive performance, by the Father and Fountain of science. — *Thoughts on Habit and Discipline.* By J. J. Gurney.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the song of David, —
He, a negro, and enslaved;
Sang of Israel's victory;
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

* See Hancock on Instinct, p. 19.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That I could not choose but hear; —

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When, upon the Red-Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings this slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon gates at night?

LONGFELLOW.

THE YEOMAN.

The man who stands upon his own soil; who feels, that, by the laws of the land in which he lives, by the law of civilized nations, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, — is, by the constitution of our

nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels (other things being equal), more strongly than another, the character of man as lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his, — his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generations before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the daily scene of their labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported, in his boyhood, by the side of the brook which still winds through his meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of his earliest days. He still hears, from his window, the voice of the *sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the *house of God; and near at hand is the spot where he laid his parents down to rest, and where, he trusts, when his hour is come, he shall be dutifully laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them. They flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart: they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy, generous, national character.

EVERETT.

* Expressions not used by Friends; *why not*, may be explained by the teacher.

THE TRUE REST.

The highest of all laws is the law of the spirit of life, which presents God to us as the infinite and eternal Mind, calling us to personal communion with himself. How know God at all thus, and secure aught of the power that comes from such knowledge, except by waiting reverently upon his will? It is high: we cannot attain unto it, any more than scale the skies, or bring down the drops that sparkle in the rainbow, or catch the sun's glory in the clouds. Wait, reverently wait, and the heavenly grace will come to you. Your sharp, critical understanding, your self-sufficient will, your impulsive passions, will not lift you to the mercy-seat, nor bring the heavenly mercy down. Wait with all the faculties of our being, reverent and recipient, and God will not leave us without a witness of himself. When we are hardest at work, let the will be still waiting for a power beyond its own; when we are studying or meditating, let thought crave a wisdom higher than itself; when our affections are earnest, and those dearest to us move our hearts most tenderly, let human love wait upon the love which is divine, and so fill its vase of alabaster with a divine sweetness, that shall shed fragrance through all the house. Let work and thought and love all thus breathe the spirit of prayer, and the prayer which they favor shall return the favor with large increase, and hours of devotion shall be rich in influences over all the life. So, my soul, wait thou upon God, and let thy expectation be from him.

Shall not the crowning blessing be a growing consciousness of communion with God, through the opening of all the faculties into the divine kingdom, and the union of our

life-plan with the method of his providence? Do all that we can to discipline our minds wisely, and arrange our affairs efficiently, we need, after our method has been well fixed, to pervade the whole with a devout, seeking spirit, just as if the whole were but the path in which we look for God's blessing to come, — the Jacob's ladder on which good angels come and go. How far a perfect plan of life would bring a man's soul into direct communion with God, — bringing to his mind a heavenly wisdom, to his affections a holy joy, and even transfiguring his body and his senses by a divine light and health, — we will not presume to say; but this we know, — that the best work, and the best lives, that the earth has seen, give us cheering glimpses of such communion, and prove, that, in his highest energy, man appears more as the recipient of a grace from on high, than as his own master, and the sole arbiter of his own mind and deed. . . .

A true life is of itself the most sacred of words; and he who speaks it in deeds must needs be possessed by what he utters, and wait reverently on God for the spirit of truth. Hence the truest men, whether their sphere has been conspicuous or obscure, have always had a large leaven of quietude in their composition, and have trusted most even where they have dared the most. The most finished culture herein meets the most unsophisticated piety; and the illustrious Fenelon, the very paragon of refinement and taste, consecrating an intellect of Grecian beauty by a faith of Christian tenderness, — at once poet, statesman, moralist, theologian, orator, — spoke of the light of God within the soul very much like George Fox, the English farmer; and the Archbishop of Cambray, in his purple, reasoned of holy quietude very much like the grazier of Leicestershire, in his suit of leather. The reason is obvious: for all who would find God's kingdom

must be like little children; and, whatever their gifts, they must be willing, for the crowning blessing, to wait upon the Father of light and love. OSGOOD.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENEST." — PSALM, xciv. 12.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the Power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray!

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
And still, in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promisé that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to Heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn:
Thou showedst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked, and thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign:
Oh! give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish nor a pleasure but thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

AUDIBLE READING.

WHAT art is so general, and yet so seldom performed as it ought to be, as that of audible reading? Let a passage full of excellence, either in prose or verse, be read aloud in succession by several persons, who have all enjoyed what is called a polite education. By most of them we shall hear it pronounced in a monotonous tone, with scarcely any regard to the pauses of the sentence, or to the modulation of the voice; and what is the consequence? An incapacity on our parts to attend to what is read; a tendency to wander away from the subject, or possibly to sleep, but none at all to listen. We might often be tempted to say to the reader, "Understandest thou what thou

readest?"* and we might, in truth, suppose that the passage had found no place in his mind and intellect. By some one of the party, on the contrary, we shall have the same sentences impressed on the ear, and through the ear on the mind, in all its excellence. Its meaning will become so clear as not to be mistaken, its beauty so perceptible as not to be disregarded. The cause of this change is the simple fact, that the present reader of the passage has thrown himself into the mind of its author, and, by a due attention to pauses and modulation, has succeeded in presenting it to us in its *native* force.

There is no book in the world in the audible reading of which these differences become so striking, or of so much consequence, as the Bible. The lofty strain of the prophet, the simple narrative of the evangelist, and the solemn doctrine of the apostle, may either lose much of their efficacy from a bad enunciation, or, through a good one, may be presented to the hearers with so much force and clearness as to become doubly impressive. The voice and manner of the reader may supply the place of a comment. The daily reading of the Bible in families is a practice of deep importance, and one which I am happy to believe is rapidly spreading. How desirable, then, that our young people should be accustomed to read it aloud with propriety and feeling! I would not, however, be understood as pleading for any extravagant efforts to throw ourselves into the sentiments or scenes of the books which we read aloud. Such efforts are apt to produce a kind of acting, which is far from being either reasonable or agreeable. Audible reading, and especially that of the Bible, is never so pleasant as when it is natural, — free from affectation on the one hand, and from undue familiarity on the other. — *Thoughts on Habit and Discipline.*

* Acts, viii. 30.

NECESSITY OF MENTAL CULTURE.

CONTEMPLATE, at this season of the year, one of the magnificent trees of the forest covered with thousands and thousands of acorns. There is not one of these acorns that does not carry within itself the germ of a perfect oak, as lofty and as wide-spreading as the parent stock; which does not infold the rudiments of a tree that would strike its roots in the soil, and lift its branches toward the heavens, and brave the storms of a hundred winters. It needs for this but a handful of soil to receive the acorn as it falls, a little moisture to nourish it, and protection from violence till the root is struck. It needs but these; and these it does need, and these it must have; and for want of them, trifling as they seem, there is not one out of a thousand of those innumerable acorns which is destined to become a tree.

Look abroad through the cities, the towns, the villages, of our beloved country, and think of what materials their population — in many parts already dense, and everywhere rapidly growing — is for the most part made up. It is not lifeless enginery; it is not animated machines; it is not brute beasts trained to subdue the earth: it is rational, intellectual beings. There is not a mind of the hundreds of thousands in our community that is not capable of making large progress in useful knowledge; and no one can presume to tell or limit the number of those who are gifted with all the talent required for the noblest discoveries. They have naturally all the senses and all the faculties — I do not say in as high a degree; but who shall say in no degree? — possessed by a Newton or

Franklin or Fulton. It is but a little which is wanted to awaken every one of these minds to the conscious possession and the active exercise of its wonderful powers; but this little, generally speaking, is indispensable. How much more wonderful an instrument is an eye than a telescope! Providence has furnished this eye; but art must contribute the telescope, or the wonders of the heavens remain unnoticed. It is for want of the little that human means must add to the wonderful capacity for improvement born in man that by far the greatest part of the intellect innate in our race perishes undeveloped and unknown. When an acorn falls upon an unfavorable spot, and decays there, we know the extent of the loss, — it is that of a tree like the one from which it fell; but when the intellect of a rational being, for want of culture, is lost to the great ends for which it was created, it is a loss which no one can measure, "either for time or for eternity."

EVERETT.

THE WALK.

The lady in her chamber
Sat with a drooping head;
Her dreamy eyes were resting
Upon the book she read.

It was a fine old story,
Yet her pulses slowly beat:
She could not see its beauty,
Nor feel its music sweet.

Then came a sound, soft falling,
Which she rather felt than heard:
It was Mother Nature calling;
And she spoke thus, word for word:—

"There is sunshine in the meadow;
There is shade beneath the tree;
There is music in the thicket;
There are waters leaping free;—

"There are mosses in the hollows;
In the forest, waving ferns,—
All pleasant lessons teaching;
And wise is he who learns.

"Come forth! the birds are singing;
Insects are sporting free;
The first wild flowers are springing:
Come! pass an hour with me."

And the lady rose up slowly;
And with gentle gliding feet
She sought the open hillside,
Where the air was fresh, and sweet.

And she heard the south-wind linger
In the tall and slender pines,
With its unseen finger lifting
The graceful climbing vines.

Then she reached the upland level,
And saw beneath her lie
The broad, green, fertile valley;
And above, the smiling sky;—

Heard sounds of village labor
With a softened murmur come,
To mingle with the sylvan song
Of insects' ceaseless hum;—

Felt the sweet sunshine, like a hand
Of kindness, warm and soft;
Saw the bright oriole leave his nest,
And carol up aloft.

She spoke not, but her very soul
Uttered a hymn of praise;
And that sweet hour she treasures yet
Against all wintry days.

O gracious Mother Nature!
Were but thy children wise;
Did they but heed thy teaching
With open hearts and eyes,—

The smallest flower that opens
In the wilderness waste place
Would have its balm for healing,
Would be an "herb of grace."

E. W. TOWNSEND.

ON THE PRACTICE OF DRAWING AND MUSIC.

During the many hours of the day which are devoted to the sedentary part of education, there ought to be seasons of comparative ease and relaxation. The bow must not be always fully bent, or the cord stretched to the extreme;

and the boy or girl, even in the schoolroom, may justly claim their *horæ subsecivæ*, — hours not of play, indeed, but of diminished exertion. Several periods of this description may properly occur in the course of the week; and probably they can scarcely be filled up better than by the art of *drawing*. In boys, this art is valuable on account of the quietness and refinement to which it leads. In this way, it may afford a wholesome balance to tendencies of a rougher and lower nature, and will often be found an agreeable manual occupation in the evening family-circle. We ought, however, to take care that drawing is made to serve some useful purpose; and such a purpose is answered when it leads our young people to feel the pleasure of observing and contemplating nature. Sketching from nature produces, in this respect, a happy effect on the mind. How greatly may our sons or daughters enhance their pleasure, in travelling through any beautiful country, by committing to their portfolios lasting mementoes of its favorite scenery! Not only will such mementoes be valuable at a future time, but the attention which they thus give to the objects delineated will heighten their sense of the various beauties with which a kind Providence has seen meet to adorn this lower world. It is a happy circumstance when young people are led, by any innocent employment, "to look through nature up to nature's God."

Here, perhaps, the reader will be ready to inquire whether I am prepared to make a similar allowance for a far more fascinating art, — that of *music*. And, if I do not reply in the affirmative, it is for this very reason, — that it is far more fascinating. There is a great difference perceptible in children respecting their taste or ear for music; a difference probably depending more on their bodily texture than on the constitution of their minds. Now, if

girls have little or "no ear," it is an obvious folly to bring them under the discipline of the music-master. Great is the toil which that discipline occasions, and almost innumerable the hours which it is apt to consume; and, after all, the effect produced is nothing better than those second-rate performances, which can afford no pleasure to the true lovers of the art. In such instances, therefore, instruction in music appears to be forbidden, even by the laws of taste.

But let the state of the case be reversed; let our children have that delicate sensitiveness to sound, and that peculiar delight in vocal or instrumental harmony, which to many persons are evidently *natural.* Shall we cultivate the talent, and give wings to the fascination? or shall we gently divert the taste and feelings of our pupils into some less exceptionable channel?

When I call to mind the corruption of the human heart; the follies and vices of the world; the enticements of the concert and the opera; and the easy access afforded, by superior skill in music, to the centre of fashionable life, — I am constrained to confess that the latter appears to me much the safer alternative. I am acquainted with many families of young people in which the study of music is entirely avoided; and I have sometimes been thrown in the way of other families in which that study has been sedulously enforced and practised. I have observed that mental cultivation, practical usefulness, and sober domestic duties, are, in general, more prevalent in the former than in the latter class of families; and I can fully subscribe to a sentiment which was once expressed to me by the late excellent Hannah More, that it is no venial error on the part of serious professors of religion to allow and encourage their daughters to spend those live-long hours, which might have been devoted to truly beneficial pur-

suits, in the ceaseless, tiresome touch of the harpsichord or piano-forte.

Music, as commonly practised in the world, has often brightened the glare of fashion, seduced into folly and dissipation, fanned the spirit of party, and inflamed the violence of war. That it is far from being devoid of danger, therefore, in a moral and spiritual point of view, the reflecting Christian can scarcely deny; nor does it appear to promote the welfare of mankind even in the present life.

Although productive of occasional pleasure, it seems, on the whole, to work in a direction opposed to our substantial happiness and comfort. J. J. GURNEY.

MORNING.

"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning." — LAM. iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich, unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible,
Around his path are taught to swell! —

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyful wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing! —

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven! —

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear, familiar strain,
Untired, we ask and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before, —

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky: —

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord! in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's Night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake; then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal, — the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it; and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind was unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him; and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, — one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his anguish, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," said he, "were the days of my wasted life." He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's Night. The clock in the high church-tower struck; and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son, the lessons they had taught him, the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears; and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days, come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream visiting his slumbers on New Year's Night. He was still young: his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember, that, when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!" RICHTER.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Among the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, was one named Saboth, who was averse to labor; and he gave himself up to sloth and idleness. But Hillel sorrowed over the youth, and resolved to turn him

from the error of his ways. For this purpose, he led him out into the Valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. There was here a stagnant pool, full of worms and insects, and covered with slimy weeds.

When they reached the valley, Hillel laid his staff upon the ground, and said, "We will rest here on our way." But the youth wondered, and answered, "How, master! by this loathsome pool? Dost thou not see the poisonous vapor that ascends therefrom?" — "Thou art right, my son," answered the teacher: "this pool is like the soul of the sluggard. Who would tarry near it?"

Hillel now led the youth to a barren field, upon which grew nought but thorns and thistles, that choked the wheat and the healthful herbs. Hillel here leaned upon his staff, and said, "Behold, the soil of this field is good; and it is able to bring forth useful and salutary fruits. But it has been forgotten and neglected; therefore it now produces prickly thorns and thistles and poisonous weeds: snakes and toads dwell therein. In the pool, thou didst see the soul here recognize the life of the sluggard."

Then Saboth was filled with shame and repentance; and he said, "Master, wherefore dost thou lead me into these waste and dreary places? — they are the rebuking emblems of my soul and of my life." And Hillel said, "As thou wouldst not hearken to my words, I have tried whether the voice of Nature would not speak with greater power to thee."

Saboth then clasped his teacher's hand, and said, "Oh! it has penetrated my heart; and thou wilt henceforth see that a new life has arisen within me." And so it was: Saboth became an active and industrious youth. Hillel then led him into a fair and fertile valley, by the banks of a clear stream, which flowed, in pleasant windings, between fruitful trees, flowering meadows, and dark-green bushes.

"Behold," said the old man to the delighted youth, "the emblem of thy new and active life! Nature, which hath warned thee, may now reward thee also." — "And mine own heart," replied the youth, with emotion, "and the approbation of my faithful teacher."

The charms and beauty of Nature can truly delight him only who in her life views his own. — *From the German.*

HYMN ON A REVIEW OF THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn, unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled, —
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! A simple train,

Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, — marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song!
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn!
For me, when I forget the darling theme, —
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east, —
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, — where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, — 'tis nought to me;

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable:
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise!

THOMSON.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

WHAT citizen of our republic is not grateful in the contrast which our history presents? Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep foundations of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know, that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosoms of our fathers, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there?

Who does not remember, that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the Western skies? And who will ever forget, that, in that eventful struggle which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No: for myself, I can truly say, that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat, — to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the forms, in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets, have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers: the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land; rich in the memory of the great and good, the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the West.

I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist

of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, — stars, garters, and blue ribbons, — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of blood and guilt by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue. It is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims. It is these which I love and venerate in England.

EDWARD EVERETT.

ORTOGRUL, OR THE VANITY OF RICHES.

As Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdad, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and, being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments; admired the walls, hung with golden tapestry, and

the floors, covered with silken carpets; and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation. "Surely," said he to himself, "this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified: all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusements in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what can wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it. I will from this moment endeavor to be rich."

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich. He sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country, in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top

of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. "Ortogrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity: listen to thy father. Turn thine eye to the opposite mountain." Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me, now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent; or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?" — "Let me be quickly rich," said Ortogrul; "let the golden stream be quick and violent." — "Look round thee," said his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but, following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by silent profit and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of Pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself; and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal: he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him; and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told

him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with its faults. "How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been laboring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich who is already too wise to be flattered!"

DR. JOHNSON.

INDIGNANT SENTIMENTS ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES AND HATRED, AND ON SLAVERY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man. The natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other; mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,

Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? and what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home; then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Inhale our air, that moment they are free.
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud,
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire, that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

COWPER.

JOHN POUNDS THE COBBLER.

JOHN POUNDS was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766, at

Portsmouth, in England, he was apprenticed, when twelve years of age, to a shipwright, with whom he served three years of his term, when a serious accident happened to the boy.

Falling one day from a considerable height into one of the dry-docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state: but he was crippled in such a manner as to be unfitted to resume his trade; and so John Pounds became a cobbler.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in harmony. He would sit with a cat on one shoulder, and a canary-bird on the other, charming away fear from the one, and curbing destructive inclinations in the other.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education of poor children seems to have been suggested accidentally to John Pounds. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy with deformed feet. John benevolently took charge of this lad, cured him of his deformity, and taught him to read. Thinking it would be well for the boy to have a companion in study, he took another, and then another, poor child under his care, until at length he became a sort of ragged-schoolmaster-general to all the poorer population, and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

He might be seen day after day in his small workshop, about six feet wide and eighteen in length, in St. Mary's

Street, Portsmouth, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children clustering around him. Sometimes there would be assembled in his shop as many as forty boys and girls, the latter of whom he kept a little apart from the rest. In receiving pupils, he made choice of those who seemed most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little blackguards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. He was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school by the bribe of a baked potato.

His methods of tuition were somewhat original. He collected all sorts of refuse handbills, and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about; and with these he contrived to teach reading and spelling. With the younger children his manner was particularly pleasant. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their use. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand, he would say, "What do you call this?" and, having received his answer, direct him to spell the word. Then, giving the hand a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act.

Writing and arithmetic were taught by John Pounds to the elder pupils in a manner to give them a creditable degree of skill in those branches. Many of the boys he taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and perform a variety of useful services for themselves and others. Not only did he superintend their sports and personal habits, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, — such as chilblains and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to

which the children of the poor are continually exposed. Often he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children. He acknowledged universal kinship with the neglected and unhappy.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give was doubtless very imperfect; but it was infinitely preferable to none at all. He had ample assurances that his steadfast labors, adhered to through a long life, were not fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough, jovial sailor, now grown up out of remembrance, call to shake hands with him, and confess the benefits he had received from his instruction. These were proud occasions for the poor and modest cobbler. Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unobtrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons of the respectable sort, in the world's estimation, knew any thing of his proceedings.

It was the wish of John Pounds that his labors might terminate only with his life. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one for him to entertain; and it was his hope to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, in which a bird drops from his perch. The desire of his soul was granted. On the day of the year 1839, he expired suddenly, from the rupture of one of the large vessels of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment.

A little boy who was with him at the time carried the intelligence to his assembled school-fellows, who were all overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and appa-

rently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently from year to year he went on quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing any thing remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper, and leaving with an assured heart the results of his endeavors to that universal Providence which heeds and nurtures whatever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world.

No slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

HYMN.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

WAR THE CHILD OF BARBARISM.

It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of him whose eye has seen its agonies and whose ear has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war; though far from our happy shores many may have seen it in its ravages and in its results, in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field, in the shattered forest, in the razed and desolate village, and perchance in the widows and orphans it has made. And yet this is but the memory of war, — the faint shadow of its realities, — the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunders. I shudder when imagination

carries me to the sanguinary field, to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers, to the horrors of the siege and sack, to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. In acts like these, the soldier is converted into a fiend, and his humanity even disappears under the ferocious mask of the demon or the brute. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable, than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly two thousand years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves.

If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment; and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. I am ashamed, in a Christian community, to defend, on Christian principles, the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth, and good-will to man; who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us, — will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the blood-hounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

DUELLING.

If two boys, who disagreed about a game of marbles or a penny-tart, should therefore walk out by the river-side, quietly take off their clothes, and, when they had got into the water, each try to keep the other's head down until one of them was drowned, we should doubtless think that these two boys were mad. If, when the survivor returned to his schoolfellows, they patted him on his shoulder, told him he was a spirited fellow, and that, if he had not tried the feat in the water, they would never have played at marbles or any other game with him again, we should doubtless think that these boys were infected with a most revolting and disgusting depravity and ferociousness. We should instantly exert ourselves to correct their principles, and should feel assured that nothing could ever induce us to tolerate, much less to encourage, such abandoned conduct.

And yet we do both tolerate and encourage such depravity every day. Change the penny-tart for some other trifle; instead of boys, put men; and instead of a river, a pistol, — and we encourage it all. We virtually pat the survivor's shoulder, tell him he is a man of honor, and that, if he had not shot at his acquaintance, we would never have dined with him again. "Revolting and disgusting depravity" are at once excluded from our vocabulary. We substitute such phrases as "the course which a gentleman is obliged to pursue," "it was necessary to his honor," "one could not have associated with him if he had not fought." We are the schoolboys grown up; and, by the absurdity of our phrases and actions, shooting or drowning (it matters not which) becomes the practice of the national school.

It is not a trifling question that a man puts to himself

when he asks, What is the amount of my contribution to this detestable practice? It is by individual contributions to the public notions respecting it that the practice is kept up. Men do not fire at one another because they are fond of risking their own lives or other men's, but because public notions are such as they are. Nor do I think any deduction can be more manifestly just than that he who contributes to the misdirection of these notions is responsible for a share of the evil and the guilt.

When some offence has given probability to a duel, every man acts immorally who evinces any disposition to coolness with either party until he has resolved to fight; and, if eventually one of them falls, he is a party to his destruction. Every word of unfriendliness, every look of indifference, is positive guilt; for it is such words and such looks that drive men to their pistols. It is the same after a victim has fallen. "I pity his family; but they have the satisfaction of knowing that he vindicated his honor," is equivalent to urging another and another to fight. Every heedless gossip who asks, "Have you heard of this affair of honor?" and every reporter of news, who relates it as a proper and necessary procedure, participates in the general crime. JONATHAN DYMOND.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With Toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!
First in the field before the reddening sun;
Last in the shadows when the day is done:

Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.

Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide;
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense, the tangled turf upheaves;
Mellow and dark, the ridgy cornfield cleaves.
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way.
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands, whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, O Heaven-commanded Toil!
That fill thy deed, — the charter of the soil.

O gracious mother! whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field, that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain, —
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

HOLMES.

A CHASE ON THE ICE.

During the winter of 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure for the sports of a new country. To none was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The sequestered lakes, frozen by intense cold, offer a wide plain to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, threading every mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feeling every pulse bound with the joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that an adventure befell me, that I can scarcely think upon even now without a certain thrill of astonishment.

I had left a friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which, under its icy crust, flowed directly before the door. The air was clear, calm, and bracing; the new moon silvered the lofty pines, and the stars twinkled with rare brilliancy from their dark-blue depths. In the stillness, the solitude, and magnificence of the scene, there was an effect almost preternatural upon the mind. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which emptied into a larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock trees of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frostwork.

All was dark within: but I was young and fearless; and, as I peered into the unbroken forest, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the woods; and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated

again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally, from some tall oak, a night-bird would flap its wings. I watched the owls as they fluttered by; and I held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

All of a sudden, a sound arose, which seemed to proceed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, and ended in a long yell. I was appalled. Coming on the ear amid such unbroken solitude, it sounded like a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn; but I felt a strange relief that I had to contend with things of earthly, and not of spiritual, mould. My energies returned. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest; and, considering this the best direction for escape, I shot towards it like an arrow. The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could not have skimmed them more swiftly; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they gave, I knew at once that they were of the much-dreaded species known as the gray wolf. The untamable fierceness and untiring strength of this animal, —

> "With its long gallop, that can tire
> The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire," —

render it an object of dread to benighted travellers. The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush by me with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight.

The outlet was nearly gained. One second more, and I would be comparatively safe. But my pursuers suddenly appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the

height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought. I bent my head, and darted wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river. Instinct turned me toward home. How my skates made the light, icy mist spin from the glassy surface! The fierce howl of my pursuers again rang in my ears. I did not look back. I thought of the dear ones awaiting my return; and I put in play every faculty of mind and body for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice; and many were the days I had spent on my skates.

Every half-minute, an alternate yelp from my pursuers told me they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came: I could hear them pant. I strained every muscle in my frame to quicken my speed. Still, I could hear, close behind me, the pattering of feet, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, unable to stop, and as unable to turn, slipped and fell, sliding on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tushes gleaming from their red mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and, as they slid on, they howled with redoubled rage.

The thought occurred to me, that, by thus turning aside whenever they came too near, I could avoid them; for, from the peculiar formation of their feet, they cannot run on ice except in a right line. I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream. They were already close on my back, when I glided round, and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution; and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and again slid onward, presenting a perfect picture of baffled, blood-thirsty rage.

Thus I gained at each turning nearly a hundred yards.

This was repeated two or three times, the wolves getting more excited every moment; until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. Quickly taking the hint, the wolves stopped in their mad career, turned skulkingly, and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over the neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, grateful to Providence for my escape, and determined never to trust myself again, if I could help it, within the reach of a gray wolf.

THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

Some years ago, a warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence, that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "Oh! I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt; and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been enclosed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature; and, without it, he could not

enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong, and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged. Mr. William Grant was there alone; and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and, writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. The poor wretch expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman; and we have never heard that you were any thing else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true: I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat: I only meant that one day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." — "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it!" — "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who

could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?" And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, don't cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks. The swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door, crying like a child. CHAMBERS.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

During the war in America, a company of Indians attacked a small body of British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the British escaped; and those who fell into their hands were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples, even in Indian warfare.

Two of the Indians came up to a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with battle-axes, he had no hope of escape; but just at this crisis another Indian came up, who was advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows.

The old man instantly drew his bow; but, after having

taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence, and, having conducted him into his hut, treated him with a kindness that did honor to his professions. He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the Indians. They lived together in the most perfect harmony; and the young officer, in the treatment he met with, found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time, the spring returned, and the Indians again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance. "There," said he, "are thy countrymen; there is the enemy, who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life; that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe, to arm thyself with a bow and arrows, and to surprise the beaver in the forest. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant: they could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness: thou wast ignorant of every thing. Thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou, then, go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?" The officer replied, that he would rather lose his own life than take that of his deliverer.

The Indian, bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent. Then, looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by grief and tenderness, "Hast thou a father?" — "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country." — "Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more! I saw my son fall in battle. He fought at my side. I saw him expire. He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet."

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence. His body shook with a universal tremor. He was almost stifled with sighs which he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tears flowed to his relief. At length, he became calm by degrees; and turning towards the east, where the sun had just risen, — "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?" — "Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky." — "I have none," said the Indian; and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he showed the young man a magnolia in fine bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" said he; "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?" — "Yes," replied the officer, "I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree." — "I have no longer any pleasure in looking upon it," said the Indian, hastily; and then immediately added, "Go, return to thy father, that he may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

Murray's Introduction.

RANK AND RICHES AFFORD NO GROUND FOR ENVY.

Of all the grounds of envy among men, superiority in rank and fortune is the most general. Hence the malignity which the poor commonly bear to the rich, as engrossing to themselves all the comforts of life. Hence the evil eye with which persons of inferior station scrutinize those who are above them in rank; and, if they approach that rank, their envy is generally strongest against such as are just one step higher than themselves. Alas! my friends, all this envious disquietude which agitates the world arises from a deceitful figure which imposes on the public view. False colors are hung out: the real state of men is not what it seems to be. The order of society requires a distinction of ranks to take place; but, in point of happiness, all men come much nearer to equality than is commonly imagined, and the circumstances which form any material difference of happiness among them are not of that nature which render them grounds of envy. The poor man possesses not, it is true, some of the conveniences and pleasures of the rich; but, in return, he is free from many embarrassments to which they are subject. By the simplicity and uniformity of his life, he is delivered from that variety of cares which perplex those who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to pursue, many enemies to encounter, perhaps, in the pursuit. In the tranquillity of his small habitation and private family, he enjoys a peace which is often unknown at courts. The gratifications of nature, which are always the most satisfactory, are possessed by him to their

full extent; and, if he be a stranger to the refined pleasures of the wealthy, he is unacquainted also with the desire of them, and, by consequence, feels no want. His plain meal satisfies his appetite with a relish probably higher than that of the rich man who sits down to his luxurious banquet; his sleep is more sound, his health more firm; he knows not what spleen, languor, and listlessness are. His accustomed employments or labors are not more oppressive to him, than the labor of attendance on courts and the great, the labors of dress, the fatigue of amusements, the very weight of idleness, are to the rich. In the mean time, all the beauty of the face of nature, all the enjoyments of domestic society, all the gayety and cheerfulness of an easy mind, are as open to him as to those of the highest rank. The splendor of retinue, the sound of titles, the appearances of high respect, are indeed soothing for a short time to the great, but, become familiar, they are soon forgotten; custom effaces their impression; they sink into the rank of those ordinary things which daily recur, without raising any sensation of joy. Let us cease, therefore, from looking up with discontent and envy to those whom birth or fortune has placed above us. Let us adjust the balance of happiness fairly. When we think of the enjoyments we want, we should think also of the troubles from which we are free. If we allow their just value to the comforts we possess, we shall find reason to rest satisfied with a very moderate, though not an opulent and splendid, condition of fortune. Often, did we know the whole, we should be inclined to pity the state of those whom we now envy. BLAIR.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connections. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end: long experience of mankind — an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of — has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labor are cut off from us, — those who animated and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where, then, can the soul find refuge but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It might, therefore, be expected that those philosophers who think they stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of

mankind, and not endeavor to deprive them of what habit at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals and to their happiness. It might be expected that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

GREGORY.

THE GOOD OLD INDIAN.

Captain James Smith relates that he was taken prisoner by the Indians in the year 1755, and lived several years among them. At one time he lived with an old man named Tecaughretanego, and his little son Nunganny. They were quite alone; and there were not any inhabitants for many miles around. The old man was too lame to go out a-hunting. It was winter; they had no victuals; the snow was on the ground, and so frozen as to make a great noise when walked on, which frightened away the deer, and the captain could not shoot any thing for some time. He says, "After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short allowance for some time before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut, the old man asked

what success. I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry. I replied, that the keen appetite seemed in some measure abated, but I was both faint and weary.

He commanded his little son to bring me something to eat; and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth. After eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones which lay about the ground, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked. These Nunganny had collected, and boiled until the sinews that remained on them would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance; and, when I had ended my sweet repast, the old man asked me how I felt.

He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a good smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was composed and ready to hear it. I told him I was ready to hear him. He said, "The reason why I deferred my speech till now is because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are very hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; but, as you now appear to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things I know to be true.

"Brother, as you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are so wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the Great Spirit that does this; whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle, that

they can kill when they please; and they also have barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing that they are supported by the Ruler of heaven and earth.

"Brother, I know you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger; but you have no just reason to fear this. I have been young, but I am now old. I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and some time or other, in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied, in time of need.

"Brother, the Good Spirit sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence on him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him; likewise to make us know the worth of the favors we receive, and also to make us thankful.

"Brother, be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a-hunting. Be strong, and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way."

The captain was thus encouraged to try again the next morning, though much disheartened and extremely hungry. He went a great distance before he could shoot any thing: but at length he shot a buffalo-cow; thus finding, as the good old Indian had said, that the Great Spirit enabled him to provide for them just at the time of their distress. MOTT'S SKETCHES.

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

THOUGHT.

It is often said that no kind of sense is so rare as common sense; and this is true, simply because common sense is attainable by all far more, and is a natural gift far less, than most other traits of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things; and it is rare because most persons will not exercise thought about common things. If some important affair occurs, people try then to think, but to very little purpose; because, not having exercised their powers on small things, their powers lack the development necessary for great ones. Hence thoughtless people, when forced to act in an affair of importance, blunder through it, with no more chance of doing as they should, than one would have of hitting a small or distant mark at a shooting-match, if previous practice had not given the power of hitting objects that are large and near.

The thoughtless person perpetually acts and speaks as if it were of no consequence what is said or done. If any one venture to suggest a different mode of speech or action, the reply is pretty sure to be, "Oh, it is of no consequence!" As if an immortal being, to whom a few short years of probation had been given, the use or abuse of which must give character to an eternity to come, could do or say what would have no consequence! Let any one bring distinctly before himself the great truth, that we stand ever in the presence of the Almighty, stewards of his bounty, children of his love; and could it be possible for him to believe that it is of no consequence how that love is returned, and how that bounty is used? Every

word, every act, of our lives, is either a use or an abuse of his bounty, — a showing forth either of our love for or our indifference to him; therefore every word and act has a consequence, ending not with the hour or day, but stretching forward into eternity. Let this truth be admitted to the mind, and who could dare to be thoughtless? Who would not wish to return the infinite love poured out upon us, by consecrating all that we have, and all that we are, to the service of the infinite Father? When this consecration takes place, all pure aspirations fill the heart, while the mind is ever thinking what is the best way in which the will of the Lord may be done. Thoughtlessness has no longer an abiding-place; for the mind now perceives that it must be about its Father's business; and thought becomes a delightful and invigorating exercise, instead of the wearisome effort it seemed before.

M. G. CHANDLER.

FOREST-TREES.

I KNOW you love the flowers,
With their merry humming-bees;
But I — I love the forests,
And leafy-arching trees.

There is something brave and noble
In a sturdy, stout Oak-tree,
That fearless meets the winter-storm
Of many a century; —

The Buttonwood, whose giant limbs
So high and far extend;
The Beech, that stretches out its arms
To greet you like a friend;—

The firm and stately Chestnut,
With its rough and ribbèd bark,
Casting upon the grass beneath
A shadow broad and dark;—

The feathery Larch; the towering Pine;
The Elm-tree's bending grace;
The strong-limbed Mountain-Ash, that meets
The tempest face to face;—

The gray-stemmed, quivering Aspen,
With its shadow undefined;
The Maple, turning to the light
Its leaf with silver lined;—

The Hemlock, with its spicy stem,
Which loves the river's side,
And spreads above the barren rocks
Green arches far and wide;—

The Shellbark, graceful and erect;
The Hickory, lithe and tall;
The Gum-tree, with its star-shaped leaves,—
I dearly love them all.

What joy to stroll beneath them,
In the early days of spring,
When the blossom on the Dogwood
Unfolds its silken wing!

How gently steals the summer air
  Between the parted leaves!
How softly, on its velvet pile,
  The moss our feet receives!

Yet not less dear the household trees
  Which shade our dwellings round,
The very rustle of whose leaves
  Has a familiar sound: —

The graceful Weeping-Willow,
  Where the orioles build and sing,
The last green tree in autumn,
  The first green tree in spring; —

The tall and rigid Poplar,
  Like a spire against the sky,
Telling the weary traveller
  Of hut and hamlet nigh.

Right fair may be the garden,
  With its merry humming-bees;
But all my heart goes forth to meet
  The leafy forest-trees; —

To bless the softened sunshine,
  Which slants the boughs between,
And dances on the dark-brown stems
  And leaves of varied green; —

To meet the wind, which gently fills
  The long aisles, cool and dim,
And sings among the bending trees
  A low, perpetual hymn.

E. W. TOWNSEND.

WHITTIER'S ESTIMATE OF BYRON.

I ADMIRE the sublimity of his genius; but I have feared, and do still fear, the consequences, the inevitable consequences, of his writings. I fear, that, in our enthusiastic admiration of genius, our idolatry of poetry, the awful impiety and the staggering unbelief contained in those writings are lightly passed over, and acquiesced in as the allowable aberrations of a master-intellect, which had lifted itself above the ordinary world, which had broken down the barriers of ordinary mind, and which revelled in a creation of its own, — a world over which the sunshine of imagination lightened at times with an almost ineffable glory, to be succeeded by the thick blackness of doubt and terror and misanthropy, relieved only by the lightning-flashes of terrible and unholy passion.

The blessing of that mighty intellect — the prodigal gift of Heaven — became, in his possession, a burthen and a curse. He was wretched in his unbelief; and he strove, with the selfish purpose which too often actuates the miserable, to drag his fellow-beings from their only abiding hope; to break down in the human bosom the beautiful altar of its faith, and to fix in other bosoms the doubt and despair which darkened his own; to lead his readers — the vast multitude of the beautiful, the pure, and the gifted, who knelt to his genius as to the manifestations of a new divinity — into that ever-darkened path which is trodden only by the lost to hope, the forsaken of Heaven, and which leads from the perfect light of holiness down to the shadows of eternal death.

If ever a man possessed the power of controlling at

will the passions of his readers, that man was Lord Byron. He knew and felt the mightiness of his power — and he loved its exercise — to kindle in a thousand bosoms the strange fire which desolated his own. He loved to shake down, with a giant's strength, the strongest pillars of human confidence, — to unfix the young and susceptible spirit from its allegiance to virtue and the dearest ties of nature. No man ever drew finer and more enchanting pictures of the social virtues; and love and friendship never seem more beautiful than when made the subject of his vivid and graphic delineation.

Genius, the pride of genius! — what is there in it, after all, to take the precedence of virtue? Why should we worship the hideousness of vice, although the drapery of angels be gathered about it? In the awful estimate of eternity, what is the fame of a Shakspeare to the beautiful humility of a heart sanctified by the approval of the Searcher of all bosoms? The lowliest taster of the pure and living waters of religion is a better and wiser man than the deepest quaffer at the fount of Helicon; and the humble follower of that sublime philosophy of Heaven, which the pride of the human heart accounteth foolishness, is greater and worthier than the skilled in human science, whose learning and glory only enable them *sapienter ad infernam descendere.*

ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the mo-

narch of Israel experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the gospel, — they present religion to us in the most engaging dress, communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors are emitted and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellences will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best.

And, now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labor. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly.

Vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it; and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Zion he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along; for, when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone; but they have left a relish and fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

HORNE.

THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise, at early morn;
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night:
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt, nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course; —

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE EXERCISE OF BENEVOLENCE.

With the most engaging objects of benevolence around them, men consume the largest part of their existence in the acquisition of money or of knowledge, or in sighing

for the opportunities of advancement, or in doting over some unavailing sorrow; or, as it often happens, they are outwardly engaged in slaving over the forms and follies of the world, while their minds are given up to dreams of vanity, or to long-drawn reveries, a mere indulgence of their fancy. And yet, hard by them, are groans and horrors and sufferings of all kinds, which seem to penetrate no deeper than their senses.

Let them think what boundless occupations there are before us all! Consider the masses of human beings in our manufacturing towns and crowded cities left to their own devices; the destitute peasantry of our sister-land; the horrors of slavery wherever it exists; the general aspect of the common people; the pervading want of education; the fallacies and falsehoods which are left, unchecked, to accomplish all the mischief there is in them; the many legal and executive reforms not likely to meet with much popular impulse, and requiring, on that account, the more diligence from those who have any insight into such matters. By employing himself upon any one of the above subjects, a man is likely to do some good. If he only ascertains what has been done, and what is doing, in any of these matters, he may be of great service. A man of real information becomes a centre of opinion, and therefore of action.

Many a man will say, "This is all very true: there certainly is a great deal of good to be done. Indeed, one is perplexed what to choose as one's point of action, and, still more, how to begin upon it."

To which I would answer: Is there no one service for the great family of man which has yet interested you? Is no work of benevolence brought near to you by the peculiar circumstances of your life? If there is, follow it at once; if not, still you must not wait for something

apposite to occur. Take up any subject relating to the welfare of mankind, — the first that comes to hand; read about it; think about it; trace it in the world, and see if it will not come to your heart. How listlessly the eye glances over the map of a country upon which we have never set foot! On the other hand, with what satisfaction we contemplate the mere outline only of a land we have once travelled over! Think earnestly upon any subject, investigate it sincerely, and you are sure to love it: you will not complain again of not knowing whither to direct your attention. There have been many enthusiasts about heraldry; many have devoted themselves to chess. Is the welfare of living, thinking, suffering, eternal creatures less interesting than azure and argent, or than the knight's move and the progress of a pawn?

Fruits of Leisure.

HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL.

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society; and he believed that the principles of peace, carried out, would maintain good-will among neighbors as well as among nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject, — had not thought much about it, as I dare say my young readers have not; and he believed, that, if a man struck him a blow, it was best and fair to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or, if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would give him as good as he sent.

He then had a farm; and a poor man, who lived on

land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order; and, in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheatfield, and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence, and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again; and William Ladd, who was a very orderly man himself, was provoked. "Sam," he said, "go to that fellow, and tell him, if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheatfield, I'll have them shot." Even this did not do: the sheep were in again. "Sam," said William Ladd, "take my gun, and shoot those sheep."

"I had rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three: it's no great job."

"No, sir: but the poor man has but three in the world; and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning: why didn't he mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message: it made him mad, and so he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd; "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw John half smiled; but I said nothing. I got into my buggy, and drove up to my neighbor's. He lived a mile off; and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over. When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were few sticks of wood, and the house was poor; and my heart was softened. "Neighbor!" I called out. The man looked sulky, and did not lift up his head. "Come, come, neighbor!"

said I: "I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me half-way." He perceived I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon. "Now, neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong: you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now, let's both face about, and both do right and feel right. I'll forgive you, and you shall forgive me. Now, let's shake hands." He didn't feel quite like giving me his hand; but he let me take it. "Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my south pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring: you shall have all the yield, and next summer we'll start fair." His hand was no longer dead in mine: he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes; and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And that little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep, was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society."

Olive Leaflets.

THE CROSS.

Greater the cross, the nearer heaven;
Godless to whom no cross is given.
The noisy world in masquerade
Forgets the curse, the grave, the shade.
Blest is yon dearer child of God,
On whom he lays the cross, the rod.

Best by whom most the cross is known,
God whets us on his grinding-stone:
Full many a garden's dressed in vain,
Where tears of sorrow never rain.
In fiercest flames the gold is tried;
In grief the Christian's purified.

'Midst crosses Faith her triumph knows;
The palm-tree, pressed, more vigorous grows.
Go, tread the grapes beneath thy feet;
The stream that flows is full and sweet.
In trouble, virtues grow and shine,
Like pearls beneath the ocean-brine.

Crosses abound, love seeks the skies;
Blow the rude winds, the flames arise;
When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
The sun comes laughing through the clouds;
The cross makes pure affections glow,
Like oil that on the fire we throw.

Who bears the cross prays oft and well;
Bruised herbs emit the sweetest smell.
Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
The pole-star who had cared to find?
Had David spent no darksome hours,
His tenderest songs had ne'er been ours.

From trouble springs the longing hope;
From the deep vale we mount the slope;
Who treads the desert's dreariest way,
For Canaan most will strive and pray.
Here finds the trembling dove no rest,
Flies to the ark, and builds her nest.

Heavy the cross, e'en death is dear;
The sufferer sings, — his end is near;
From bonds of sin he bursts away;
Trouble all dies that very day:
The cross, yon silent grave adorning,
Bespeaks a bright, triumphant morning.

Greater the cross, the lovelier rays
The crown prepared of God displays, —
Treasure by many a conqueror won,
Who wears it now before the throne.
Oh! think upon that jewel fair,
And heaviest griefs are light as air.

Dear Lamb of God! enhance thy cross
More and yet more, all else is loss;
Let ne'er a murmur mar my rest;
Plant thy own patience in my breast;
To guard me, faith, love, hope, combine,
Until the glorious crown is mine.

Translated from the German. J. J. GURNEY.

AIDS TO CONTENTMENT.

A GREAT deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether any thing that you can do will have much connection with what they will say; and, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say any thing at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem

to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

Well, but suppose that it is no fancy, and that you really are the object of unmerited obloquy; what then? It has been well said, that, in that case, the abuse does not touch you; that, if you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings, any more than if it were said of another person with whom you are not even acquainted. You may answer, that this false description of you is often believed in by those whose good opinion is of importance to your welfare. That certainly is a palpable injury; and the best mode of bearing up against it is to endeavor to form some just estimate of its nature and extent. Measure it by the worldly harm which is done to you. Do not let your imagination conjure up all manner of apparitions of scorn and contempt and universal hissing. It is partly your own fault if the calumny is believed in by those who ought to know you, and in whose affections you live. That should be a circle within which no poisoned dart can reach you; and for the rest, — for the injury done you in the world's estimation, — it is simply a piece of ill fortune, about which it is neither wise nor decorous to make much moaning.

A little thought will sometimes prevent you from being discontented at not meeting with the gratitude which you have expected. If you were only to measure your expectations of gratitude by the extent of benevolence which you have expended, you would seldom have occasion to call people ungrateful. But many persons are in the

habit of giving such a factitious value to any services which they may render, that there is but little chance of their being contented with what they are likely to get in return; which, however, may be quite as much as they deserve.

Besides, it is a common thing for people to expect from gratitude what affection alone can give.

Fruits of Leisure.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

Were I to live my life over again, I should make it a point to do a kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different. It has been too much my way to let others take care of themselves, while I took care of myself.

If some little trespass was committed on my rights, or if I suffered some light inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language towards the offender. I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

It was but the other day that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into the coach-house. He tried once or twice without success; and, just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole of the sidewalk, and prevented my passing.

The man looked as if it ought not to be so; and there

was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, "In with your carriage, man, and do not let it stand here, blocking up the passage!" But a better spirit prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage, and said, —

"Now try again, my good fellow!" while I gave a little push; and in went the carriage, and out came the pleasant "Thank you, sir: much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty-dollar bank-note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And, when I look back upon my intercourse with my fellow-men, all the way long, I can confidently say, that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it; so that, if I were governed by merely selfish motives, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precepts, — to do good to all men as I had opportunity.

Is there a boy or girl who can say, I did a kind act once to my brother or sister or playmate, and I was afterwards sorry for it: I should have been happier if it had been an unkind one? It is very likely that a kind act has been sometimes ill requited, perhaps misconstrued; but, if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness as sunshine is to produce warmth.

Seize, then, every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it; oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burthened shoulder or to a heavy wheel will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable and gentle admonition; and, at others, a suggestion of advantage to be gained, and a little interest to secure it, will be

received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens a well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.

Sargent's Third Reader.

"BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING."

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His paths unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong, his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not;
  Yet earth and heaven shall tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,—
  He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
  Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh, lift thou up the sinking head,
  Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
  Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
  Thy love and guardian care.

Sargent's Third Reader.

THE CLOUD: A FABLE.

One hot summer morning, a little cloud rose out of the sea, and glided lightly, like a playful child, through the blue sky, and over the wide earth, which lay parched and languishing from the long drought. As the little cloud sailed along, she saw, far beneath her, the poor laborers toiling in the sweat of their brows, while she was wafted along by the light breath of the morning, free from care and toil. "Ah," said she, "could I but do something to lighten the labors of those poor men upon the earth, drive away their cares, give refreshment to the thirsty, and food to the hungry!" And the day went on, and the cloud grew bigger and bigger; and, as she grew, her desire

to devote her life to the benefit of mankind grew likewise stronger.

But on the earth the heat waxed more intense, the sun's rays burned like fire, till the weary laborers nearly fainted in the fields; and yet they worked on and on, for they were very poor. From time to time, they cast a piteous look up at the cloud, as much as to say, "Ah that you would help us!"

"I will help you," said the cloud; and she began to sink gently down. But presently she remembered what she had once heard, when a little child, in the depths of the sea, — that, if a cloud ventures too near the earth, she dies. For a while she wavered, and was driven hither and thither by her thoughts; but at length she stood still, and, with all the gladness of a good resolution, she cried, "Ye weary men, who are toiling on the earth, I will help you."

Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gigantic size: she had never imagined herself capable of such greatness. Like an angel of blessing, she stood above the earth, and spread her wings over the parched fields; and her form became so glorious, so awful, that she filled man and beast with fear; and the trees and the grass bent before her, while yet they all well knew that she was their benefactor.

"Ay, I will help you," said the cloud again. "Receive me; I die for you!" The energy of a mighty purpose thrilled through her, a brilliant flash gleamed across her, and the thunder roared. Strong was that will, and stronger still the love, penetrated by which, she fell, and dissolved in a shower that shed blessings on the earth.

The rain was her work; the rain was also her death, and the act was glorious. Far over the land, as wide as the rain extended, a brilliant bow was bent, formed of

the purest rays of the upper heavens: it was the last greeting of that self-sacrificing spirit of love. The rainbow vanished; but the blessing of the cloud long rested upon the land which she had saved.

From the German of Reinick. S. T. R.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

THERE is in the East Indies a fragrant tree, called the sandal-tree. When the woodman mars it or cuts it down, it gives a sweet odor to the axe that wounds or severs its trunk; and when it sinks to the earth, with its green leaves and beautiful blossoms, it breathes out a delicious fragrance upon him who fells it to the ground.

There are some aromatic plants in our own country, the geranium and others, that, in like manner, send forth a balmy odor upon those who bruise or crush them in pieces.

Thus, as it were, should we perfume with kindness the very persons who most injure us; thus should we breathe out prayers for their welfare.

Archbishop Cranmer, of England, was remarkable for this virtue. When anybody treated him with hostility, he singled out that person, and made him the especial object of his kind regards. If he never was before, he became then, interested in his enemy's welfare. It was said of him, "The way to make the archbishop your friend is to do him an injury."

This maxim, indeed, "never to revenge injuries," has been recognized by philosophers and moralists from the very dawn of civilization; but it was reserved for the

Author of Christianity to give it as a precept, in its broadest and fullest form, and to surround it with the holiest sanctions: —

"I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat, —
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life:
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state, —
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him? why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of what the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange:
The good are troubled and opprest,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws:
Parts of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout:
Why, man, that carpet's inside out!"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean;
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As, when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear:
Then shall we praise what here we spurned;
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble:
My impious doubts are put to flight;
For my own carpet sets me right."

H. MORE.

VIRTUE, WHEN DEEPLY ROOTED, IS NOT SUBJECT TO THE INFLUENCE OF FORTUNE.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of the honor. Hephestion, being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honor who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his ad-

miration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honor, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king. They informed him that Alexander had appointed him to that office, and required him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they admonished him, when he should be seated on the throne and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised. All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him that they were sincere in their proposal, and prevailed on him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, until, at length, they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the newly elected prince to be sent for, and required of him with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to

Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation! for, when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighboring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

THE CHILD AND THE GROUND-SPARROW.

TWITTERING little sparrow!
Swift as any arrow
  Dost thou fly:
Why upon the ground
Art thou ever found,
  Never in the sky?

Many a lark I've seen
The silver clouds between;
  And I've heard
Its blithe and merry song
After very long
  I could see no bird.

Then why not fly away,
Above all branch and spray,
  Where the light,
Every morning fair,
Spreads her crystal hair
  Like a diamond bright?

Little child! all beauty
Is in doing duty;
  And the lark
His path of duty found
When he circled round
  High o'er field and park.

See yon little flowers,
Near those reedy bowers,
  All content!
Even so am I;
To the clear-blue sky
  Never was I sent.

But 'mid the dewy grass
And the daisies do I pass
  Merry days;
Knowing that each thing
In its place will sing
  Most sweetly Heaven's praise.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

My son, forget not my law,
But let thine heart keep my commandments;
For length of days, and long life,
And peace, shall they add unto thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
Bind them about thy neck;
Write them upon the table of thine heart:
So shalt thou find favor and good understanding
In the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,
And lean not to thine own understanding:
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.
Be not wise in thine own eyes.
Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Hear, ye children! the instruction of a father,
And attend to know understanding;
For I give you good doctrine.
Forsake ye not my law;
For I was my father's son,
Tender and only-beloved in the sight of my mother.

He taught me also, and said unto me,
Let thine heart retain my words:
Keep my commandments, and live;
Get wisdom; get understanding, forget it not,
Neither decline from the words of my mouth.
Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee;
Love her, and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom;
And, with all thy getting, get understanding.
Exalt her, and she shall promote thee;
She shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her;
She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace;
A crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

Hear, O my son! and receive my sayings,
And the years of thy life shall be many.
I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
I have led thee in right paths.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go;
Keep her, for she is thy life.
Enter not into the path of the wicked,
And go not in the way of evil men;
Avoid it; pass not by it;
Turn from it, and pass away:
For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness,
And drink the wine of violence.
But the path of the just is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The way of the wicked is as darkness:
They know not at what they stumble.
My son! attend to my words;
Incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not depart from thine eyes;
Keep them in the midst of thine heart:
For they are life unto those that find them,
And health to all their flesh.

FROM AN ESSAY ON HABIT.

O YOU to whom opening life is fresh and gay and tempting; you who have yet your path to choose, whose hearts are ingenuous, and whose manners amiable; in whom if wrong propensities discover themselves, yet evil habits are not substantially formed! — could you be made sensible, at a less costly price than your own experience, that though, through the mercy of God, the long-erring heart may hereafter be brought to abhor its own sin, yet the once-initiated mind can never be made to unknow its knowledge nor to unthink its thoughts, — can never be brought to separate those combinations which it once too fondly cherished, — how much future regret, how much incurable sorrow, might you spare yourselves! If you would but reflect, that, though in respect of the past you may become inwardly penitent, you cannot become, as you now are, outwardly innocent, and that no repentance can restore your present happy ignorance of practised evil, you would then keep clear of a bondage from which you perceive the older and the wiser *do* not, because they cannot, commonly emancipate themselves.

But supposing a young man is so happy as to escape the grosser corruptions, yet, if he have a turn for wit and ridicule, he should be singularly on his guard against the false credit which ludicrous associations will obtain for him in certain societies. An indelicate but pointed jest; a combination of some light thought with some scriptural expression; a parody which makes a serious thing ridiculous, or a sober one absurd, — these are instruments by no means harmless, not only to him who handles them, but also in the hands of subalterns and copyists, who,

having perhaps no faculty but memory, and seldom using memory but for mischief, retain with joy, and circulate from vanity, what was at first uttered with mere random thoughtlessness. Profane dunces are the busy echoes of the loose wit of others. With little talent for original mischief, but devoting that little to the worst purposes, they pick up a kind of literary livelihood on the stray sarcasms and fugitive bon-mots of others, and are maintained on what the witty throw away. If, even in the first instance, there were nothing wrong in the thing itself, there is mischief in the connection. Whatever serves to append a light thought to a serious one is unsafe: both have, by frequent citation, been so accustomed to appear together, that, when in a better frame of mind the good one is called up, the corrupt association never fails to present itself unbidden, and, like Pharaoh's blasted corn, devours the wholesome ear.

HANNAH MORE.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Speak the Truth!
Falter not in thy reply;
Fear not any danger nigh;
Think of this, — that God is by.
In the glad time of thy youth,
Love the Truth!

Speak the Truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless, and strong to save.

Falsehood is a coward knave;
From him turn thy steps in youth:
Follow Truth!

Speak the Truth!
Never do a thing by stealth:
Not to gain a nation's wealth,
Not for fame, and not for health,
Let a falsehood stain thy youth:
Cling to Truth!

Speak the Truth!
Speak it boldly, — never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear:
In the end, it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth:
Speak the Truth!

ON THE HISTORICAL WRITERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Among the innumerable evidences of the truth of Christianity, there is one of so rare and extraordinary a nature as might of itself suffice to carry conviction to the mind of every unprejudiced inquirer, even if this proof were not accompanied by such a cloud of concurring testimonies. The sacred volume is composed by a vast variety of writers, — men of every different rank and condition, of every diversity of character and turn of mind. The monarch and the plebeian, the illiterate and the learned, the foremost in talent and the moderately gifted in natural advantages, the historian and the legislator, the orator and

the poet, — each had his immediate vocation, each his peculiar province; some prophets, some apostles, some evangelists, living in ages remote from each other, under different modes of civil government, under different dispensations of the divine economy, filling a period of time which reached from the first dawn of heavenly light to its meridian radiance.

The Old Testament and the New; the law and the gospel; the prophets predicting events, and the evangelists recording them; the doctrinal yet didactic epistolary writers, and he who closed the sacred canon in the apocalyptic vision, — all these furnished their respective portions, and yet all tally with a dovetailed correspondence; all the different materials are joined with a completeness the most satisfactory, with an agreement the most incontrovertible.

This instance of uniformity without design, of agreement without contrivance; this consistency, maintained through a long series of ages, without a possibility of the ordinary methods for conducting such a plan; these unparalleled congruities, these unexpected coincidences, — form altogether a species of evidence of which there is no other instance in the history of all the other books in the world.

All these variously gifted writers here enumerated concur in this grand peculiarity, — that all have the same end in view; all are pointing to the same object; all, without any projected collusion, are advancing the same scheme. Each brings in his several contingent, without any apparent consideration how it may unite with the portions brought by other contributors; without any spirit of accommodation; without any visible intention to make out a case; without, indeed, any actual resemblance, more than that, every separate portion being derived from the same spring, each must be governed by one common principle; and that

principle, being truth itself, must naturally and consentaneously produce assimilation, conformity, agreement.

What can we conclude from all this, but what is, indeed, the inevitable conclusion, — a conclusion which forces itself on the mind, and compels the submission of the understanding, — that all this, under differences of administration, is the work of one and the same great omniscient and eternal Spirit? HANNAH MORE.

"THE INVISIBLE THINGS OF HIM FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD ARE CLEARLY SEEN, BEING UNDERSTOOD BY THE THINGS THAT ARE MADE." — ROM. i. 20.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven;
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed, unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,—
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

KEBLE.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

THUNDER-STORMS are not particularly pleasant things in the woods; but a traveller in the mountains is now and then compelled to take them. I have just passed through one; and, like all exhibitions of nature, it awakened pleasure in the midst of discomfort.

I was reclining, the other day, on the slope of a hill, from which I had a glorious view of the broken chain of the Adirondack. From the ravishing beauty of the scene, my mind, as it is wont, fell to musing over the mysteries of life; when suddenly, over the green summit of a far mountain, a huge thunder-cloud pushed itself into view. As the mighty black mass that followed slowly after forced its way into the heavens, darkness began to creep over the earth. The song of birds was hushed. The passing breeze paused a moment, and then swept by in a sudden gust, which whirled the leaves and withered branches in wild confusion into the air. An ominous hush succeeded, while a low growl of the distant thunder seemed forced from the deepest caverns of the mountains. I lay and watched the gathering elements of strength and fury, as the trumpet of the storm summoned them to battle; till at length the lightning began to leap in angry flashes, followed by those awful and rapid reports that seemed to shake the very walls of the sky. The pine-

trees rocked and roared above me, and then the rain came in headlong masses to the earth. I got under a shelter, and waited for the passing of the storm. When its fury was spent, I could hear its retiring roar in the distant gorges. The trees stopped knocking their green crowns together, and stood again in fraternal embrace; while the heavy dripping of the raindrops from the leaves alone told of the deluge that had swept overhead.

I stepped forth again; and, but for the ceaseless drip, and the freshened look of every thing about me in the clearer atmosphere, I should hardly have known there had been a change.

Scarce an hour had elapsed; yet the blue sky showed itself again over the mountain where the dark cloud had been, the sun came forth in redoubled splendor, and the tumult was over. Now and then a disappointed peal muttered over the sky, as if conscious it came too late to share in the general conflict; but all else was calm and beautiful and tranquil, as nature ever is after a thunder-storm.

But while I was looking at that blue arch, against which the tall mountain, now greener than ever, seemed to lean, suddenly a single circular white cloud appeared over the top, and, slowly rolling into view, floated along the radiant west, bathed in rich sunset, glittering like a white robe, — how beautiful, how resplendent! A moving glory it looked, as if some angel-hand had just rolled it away from the golden gate of heaven. I watched it till my spirit longed to fly away and sink in its bright foldings; and then I thought, were I in the midst of it, it would be found a heavy bank of fog, damp and chill like the morning mist, which obscures the vision, and ruffles the spirit till it prays for one straggling sunbeam to disperse the gloom. But, seen at that distance, shone upon by that setting sun, how glorious!

And here methought I had a solution of my mystery of life, with its agitations and its changes, its revelries and violence, its light and darkness, its ecstasies and agonies, so strangely blent. It is a mist, a gloomy fog, that chills and wearies us as we walk in its midst.

Dimming our prospect, it shuts out the spiritual world beyond us, till we weep and pray for the rays of heaven to disperse the gloom; but, seen by angels and spiritual beings from afar, shone upon by God's perfect government and grand designs of love, it may, and doubtless does, appear as glowing as that evening cloud did to me.

The brightness of the throne is cast over us, and its glory changes this turbulent scene into an harmonious part of his vast whole. God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

After it has all passed, and the sun of futurity breaks on the scene, light and gladness will bathe it in undying splendor. I turned away, with that summer-cloud fastened in my memory for ever, and thankful for the thunder-storm, that had taught my heart so sweet a lesson.

Tower's Fourth Reader.

RETIREMENT AND PRAYER.

"And He withdrew into the wilderness to pray."

If thus our Lord withdrew,
Stealing at times away,
E'en from the loved and chosen few,
In solitude to pray,
How should his followers, frail and weak,
Such seasons of communion seek!

Seldom, amid the strife and din
  Of sublunary things,
Can spirits keep their watch within,
  Or plume their heavenward wings:
He must dwell deep indeed whose heart
Can thus fulfil true wisdom's part.

Not in our own spontaneous will
  Can we the world shut out;
Say to our passions, Peace, be still;
  Or check each rising doubt.
Alone, by prayer, 'tis slowly won;
In the world's throng too rarely done.

How needful is it, then, for man
  From things of time to steal,
Those of eternity to scan,
  Their magnitude to feel!
The first are transitory, vain;
The last for ever will remain.

Retirement must adjust the beam,
  And prayer must poise the scales:
Our Guide, Example, Head, supreme,
  In neither lesson fails.
Oh, may we in remembrance bear
The loved retirement, practised prayer!

ON THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

It is easy to show that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we are ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Is there any thing, in all the idle books of tales and horrors with which youthful readers are so much delighted, more truly astonishing than the fact that a few pounds of water may, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange than that an ounce-weight should balance hundreds of pounds by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron? Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses. Can any thing surprise us more than to find that the color of white is a mixture of all others; that red and blue and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no color at all, than all colors together?

Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air; and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; — these surely are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind, — nay, of any one but little accus-

tomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view, — the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new and extraordinary truths is the gratification of a more learned curiosity, by tracing resemblances and relations between things which, to common apprehension, seem widely different. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing which causes the sensation of heat causes also fluidity; that electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat, when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds; that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night; that the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount.

Nothing can at first sight appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing; the rust of metals and burning; the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, — nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same. Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine and the crawling of a fly upon the window; and yet we find that these two operations are performed by the same means, — the weight of the atmosphere, — and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there, in all the fairy tales that ever were fancied, any thing more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unex-

pected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders?

Then, if we raise our views to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.

The highest of all our gratifications in the study of science remains. We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction, without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill everywhere conspicuous, is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding, that, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible, of being able to follow, as it were, with our eyes, the marvellous works of the great Architect of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute as well as in the mightest parts of his system. BROUGHAM.

GEOLOGY.

THE manner in which the geologists have been able to restore the history of the primeval earth, affords one of the most brilliant triumphs of the human intellect. Chemistry, botany, mineralogy, and physical geography, have all aided in unfolding this enigma; but it is perhaps to comparative anatomy, which enables us to identify an animal by a single bone, that the principal merit is due. A laborer, in blasting a limestone rock or sinking a well, throws up a bone, which has been buried there for millions of ages: it is looked upon with wonder by the simple rustic, who supposes that it must have been there ever since the flood; but, to the eye of Cuvier, that bone suggests a whole animal, with all the conditions necessary for its existence. The mastodon, the megatherium, the paleotherium, and pterodactyl, are thus restored to our natural history, and live again in our literature. Nor is this all; for, where there are no bones to speak, the strata often contain the impress of their former inhabitants. In a thin bed of fine clay, occurring between two beds of sandstone, this evidence is often preserved. The ripple-mark, the worm-track, the scratching of a small crab on the sand, and even the impression of a raindrop, so distinct as to indicate the direction of the wind at the time of the shower, — these, and the footprints of the bird and reptile, are all stereotyped, and offer an evidence, which no argument can gainsay, no prejudice resist, concerning the natural history of a very ancient period of the earth's life. But the wave that made that ripple-mark has long ceased to wash those shores. For ages has the surface then exposed been concealed under great thicknesses of strata.

The worm and the crab have left no solid fragment to speak of their form or structure; the bird has left no bone that has yet been discovered; the fragments of the reptile are small, imperfect, and extremely rare. Still, enough is known to determine the fact; and that fact is all the more interesting and valuable from the very circumstance under which it is presented.

PROF. ANSTED.

THE MEGATHERIUM.

Canst thou pierce his skin with barbed arrows,
Or his head with fish-spears?
Lay thine hand upon him,
Remember the battle, and beware.
None is so fierce who dares stir him up:
Who, then, can stand before him?
Who can uncover his mailed face?
Or who can guide him with a double bridle?
Who can open the doors of his face?
His teeth are terrible round about.
His scales are his pride,
Shut up together as a close seal.
One is so near to another,
That no air can come between them.
They are joined one to another,
They stick together, that they cannot be parted.
In his neck remaineth strength,
And he boweth not to sorrow.
The flakes of his flesh are joined together:
They are firm in themselves, and cannot be moved.

His heart is as firm as a stone;
Yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.
When he riseth up, the mighty are afraid;
When he breaketh forth, the terrible hide themselves.
The sword that smiteth is turned back;
The spear, the dart, and the breastplate.
He esteemeth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.
The arrow cannot make him flee;
Sling-stones are turned back like stubble;
Darts are counted like broken reeds:
He laugheth at the shaking of the spear.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works! yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth! join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn!

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet! praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime!
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance! not without song resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle multiform, and mix
And nourish all things! let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold!
In honor of the world's great Author, rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers;
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow!
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling! tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend!
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep!

Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

Among the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind, or from a refined species of vanity and egotism. It is that singular, though almost universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention long after we have ceased to be susceptible either to its praise or censure.

Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave. Sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon, and expatiate in boundless futurity; but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition in the applause or gratitude of future ages.

Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe existence, ambition is for ever struggling to soar beyond them, to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which every thing else that concerns us must be involved. It is ambition

which prompts the patriot to his most heroic achievements, which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the productions of the painter and the sculptor.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column, the laurelled conqueror claims the triumphal arch; while the obscure individual, who moved in an humble sphere, asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, — that he was born, died, and was buried.

It was this passion, too, which erected the vast Numidian piles, whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening — fit emblems of oblivion — gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence, which nod in mouldering desolation as the blast sweeps over the deserted plains. How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of Time!

As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while, and contemplated in awful admiration the stupendous Pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around, such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementoes of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of Death: all were mingled with their native dust, all were forgotten. Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance: history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures; and the Pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality.

Alas, alas! said I to myself, how slender are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are built! He who imagines that he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk, the triumphal arch, the swelling dome, shall crumble into dust; and often, before these structures have perished, the names they would have preserved from oblivion will have passed away.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GOSPEL BENEVOLENCE AND HUMAN FEELING.

The benevolence of the gospel lies in actions; the benevolence of our writers of fiction, in a kind of high-wrought delicacy of feeling and sentiment. The one dissipates all its fervor in sighs and tears and idle aspirations: the other reserves its strength for efforts and execution. The one regards it as a luxurious enjoyment for the heart; the other, as a work and business for the hand. The one sits in indolence, and broods in visionary rapture over its schemes of ideal philanthropy: the other steps abroad, and enlightens by its presence the dark and pestilential hovels of disease. The one wastes away in empty ejaculations: the other gives time and effort to the work of beneficence, — gives education to the orphan, and provides clothes for the naked, and lays food on the table of the hungry. The one is indolent and capricious, and often does mischief by the occasional overflowings of a whimsical and ill-directed charity: the other is vigilant and discerning, and takes

care lest its distributions be injudicious, and the effort of benevolence be unsupplied. The one is soothed with the luxury of feeling, and reclines in easy and indolent satisfaction: the other shakes off the deceitful languor of contemplation and solitude, and delights in a scene of activity.

Remember that virtue, in general, is not to feel, but to do; not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution; not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what it loves, and to imitate what it admires. DR. CHALMERS.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here;
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven;
I am one of the angel-band;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath made free;
And the glorious halls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all dead, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
O friends of my mortal years! —
The trusted and the true, —
You're walking still in the valley of tears;
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For Memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again:
Each link is strong and bright;
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why do your tears roll down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another star in heaven?

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of

ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the Stream of Time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but, soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the Ocean of Life; that we had already passed the Straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, — some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, and negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness, and first, turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure, but no sooner touched than the current, which, though neither noisy nor turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters, violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It

appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly, while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him; and no sooner had the waters closed over them than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed. Nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly

by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised; but their admonitions were unregarded.

In the midst of the Current of Life was the Gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the Ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand, to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the Rocks of Pleasure that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far, by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and, with all her force, endeavored to retreat: but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking! Whence this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally

endangered?" I looked, and, seeing the Gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE GLACIER DE BOISSON.

I MAY as well stop here, and explain to you, once for all, what a glacier is. You see before you, as in this case, say thirty or forty mountain-peaks, and, between these peaks, what seem to you frozen rivers. The snow, from time to time, melting and dripping down the sides of the mountain and congealing in the elevated hollows between the peaks, forms a half-fluid mass, a river of ice, which is called a glacier.

As it lies upon the slanting surface, and is not entirely solid throughout, the whole mass is continually pushing, with a gradual but imperceptible motion, down into the valleys below. At a distance, these glaciers, as I have said before, look like frozen rivers. When one approaches nearer, or where they press downward into the valley, like this Glacier de Boisson, they look like immense crystals, and pillars of ice, piled together in every conceivable form. The effect of this pile of ice, lying directly in the lap of green grass and flowers, is quite singular. The village of Chamouni itself has nothing in particular to recommend it. The buildings, and every thing about it, have a rough, coarse appearance. Before we had entered the valley, this evening, the sun had gone down; the sky behind the mountains was clear; and it seemed for a few moments as if darkness was coming rapidly on. On our right hand were black, jagged, furrowed walls of mountain; and on our left, Mont Blanc, with his fields of glaciers

and worlds of snow: they seemed to hem us in, and almost to press us down. But in a few moments commenced a scene of transfiguration, more glorious than any thing I had witnessed yet. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose-color. A bank of white clouds, which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed as if some spirit of light had entered into them. You did not lose your idea of the spiritual, dazzling whiteness of the snow, yet you seemed to see it through a rosy veil. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of purple and lilac. The effect was solemn and spiritual above every thing I have ever seen. These words, which had been often in my mind through the day, and which occurred to me more often than any others while I was travelling through the Alps, came into my mind with a pomp and magnificence of meaning unknown before: "For by Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers. All things are by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things subsist."

In this dazzling revelation, I saw not that cold, distant, unfeeling fate, or that crushing regularity of power and wisdom, which was all the ancient Greek or modern Deist can behold in God; but I beheld, as it were, crowned and glorified, One who had loved with our loves, and suffered with our sufferings. Those shining snows were as his garments on the Mount of Transfiguration; and that serene and ineffable atmosphere of tenderness and beauty, which seemed to change these dreary deserts into worlds of heavenly light, was to me an image of the light shed by his eternal love on the sins and sorrows of time, and the dread abyss of eternity. STOWE.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him there.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance:
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on: the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

WHITTIER.

SELECTIONS FROM JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated: yet all these do not fully show forth that inward life to such who have not felt it; but this white stone and new name are known rightly to such only who have them.

The place of prayer is a precious habitation: for I now saw that the prayers of the saints were precious incense; and a trumpet was given me, that I might sound forth this language, that the children might hear it, and be invited together to this precious habitation, where the prayers of the saints, as precious incense, arise before the throne of God and the Lamb. I saw this habitation to be safe, to be inwardly quiet, when there were great stirrings and commotions in the world.

Prayer at this day, in pure resignation, is a precious place. The trumpet is sounded, the call goes forth to the church, that she gather to the place of pure, inward prayer, and her habitation is safe.

From my early acquaintance with truth, I have often felt an inward distress, occasioned by the striving of a spirit in me, against the operation of the heavenly principle, and, in this circumstance, have been affected with a sense of my own wretchedness, and, in a mourning condition, felt earnest longing for that divine help which brings the soul into true liberty; and sometimes in this state, retiring into private places, the spirit of supplication hath been given me, and, under a heavenly covering, I have asked

my gracious Father to give me a heart in all things resigned to the direction of his will.

To keep a watchful eye towards real objects of charity, to visit the poor in their lonesome dwelling-places, to comfort them who, through the dispensations of Divine Providence, are in strait and painful circumstances in this life, and steadily to endeavor to honor God with our substance, from a real sense of the love of Christ influencing our minds thereto, is more likely to bring a lesson to our children, and will afford more satisfaction to a Christian favored with plenty, than an earnest desire to collect much wealth to leave behind us; for here we have no continuing city. May we therefore seek diligently one that is to come, whose builder and maker is God!

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things, and do them; and the God of peace shall be with you."

ON SILENCE AND MEDITATION.

THERE is an act of the mind, natural to the earnest and the wise, impossible only to the sensual and the fool, healthful to all who are sincere, which has small place in modern usage, and which few can now distinguish from vacuity. Those who know what it is, call it meditation.

It is not reading, in which we apprehend the thoughts of others, and bring them to our critical tribunal. It is not study, in which we strive to master the known, and

prevail over it, till it lies in order beneath our feet. It is not reasoning, in which we seek to push forward the empire of our positive conceptions, and, by combining what we have, reach others that we have not. It is not deliberation, which computes the particular problems of action, reckons up the forces that surround our individual lot, and projects accordingly the expedient or the right. It is not self-scrutiny, which, by itself, is only shrewdness, or, at most, science turned within instead of without, and analyzing mental feelings instead of physical facts.

Its view is not personal and particular, but universal and immense, — the sweep of the nocturnal telescope over the infinitely great, not the insight of the solar microscope into the infinitely small. It brings not an intense self-consciousness and spiritual egotism, but almost a renunciation of individuality, a mingling with the universe, a lapse of our little drop of existence into the boundless ocean of being. It does not find for us our place in the known world, but loses it for us in the unknown. It puts nothing clearly beneath our feet, but a vault of awful beauty above our head.

Let any true man go into silence; strip himself of all pretence and selfishness and sensuality, and sluggishness of soul; lift off thought after thought, passion after passion, till he reaches the inmost deep of all; remember how short a time, and he was not at all; how short a time again, and he will not be here; open his window, and look upon the night, — how still its breath, how solemn its march, how deep its perspective, how ancient its forms of light; and think how little he knows except the perpetuity of God, and the mysteriousness of life, — and it will be strange if he does not feel the Eternal Presence as close upon his soul as the breeze upon his brow.

Silence is, in truth, the attribute of God; and those

who seek him from that side, invariably learn that meditation is not the dream, but the reality, of life ; not its illusion, but its truth ; not its weakness, but its strength. Such act of the mind is quite needful, in order to rectify the estimates of the senses and the lower understanding ; to shake off the drowsy order of perceptions, in which, with the eyes of the soul half closed, we are apt to doze away existence here. Neglecting it now, we shall wake into it hereafter, and find that we have been walking in our sleep.

It is necessary, even, to preserve the consistency of our practical life. It is always the tendency of action to fall into routine and become mechanical ; to become less and less dependent on the living forces of the will ; and to continue itself, by mere momentum, in the direction it has once assumed. When conscience, and not passion, presides over life, this tendency is not abated, but confirmed ; for conscience is essentially systematic, subdues every thing to a fixed order, and then is troubled or content according as this is violated or observed.

But the inner spirit of the mind, which all outward action should express, is not naturally thus inflexible : it drifts away from its old anchorages, and gets afloat upon new tides of thought. As experience deepens, existence ceases to be the same, and the proportions in which things lie within our affections are materially changed. As the ascent of time is made, life is seen from a higher point, and fresh fields of truth and duty spread before our view.

Habit being conservative, faith and feeling being progressive, unless their mutual relation be constantly readjusted by meditation, ceasing to correspond, they will become miserably divergent ; our action will not be true ; our thoughts will not be real ; both will be weak and

dead; both distrustful as a culprit; both relying on hollow credit, and empty of solid wealth; and our whole life, begun perhaps in the order of conscience, and moving on externally the same, may become a semblance and a cheat. Bare moral principle, unless holding of something more divine, affords but an unsafe tenure of the wisdom and the strength of life.

And, even where the right is clearly seen, meditation is needed to collect our powers to do it. It is the great storehouse of our spiritual dynamics, where divine energies lie hid for any enterprise, and the hero is strengthened for his field.

All great things are born of silence. The fury, indeed, of destructive passion may start up in the hot conflict of life, and go forth with tumultuous desolation; but all beneficent and creative power gathers itself together in silence ere it issues out in might. Force itself, indeed, is naturally silent, and only makes itself heard, if at all, when it strikes upon some obstruction. The very hurricane, that roars over land and ocean, flits noiselessly through spaces where nothing meets it.

The blessed sunshine says nothing as it warms the vernal earth, tempts out the tender grass, and decks the field and forest in their glory. Silence came before creation, and the heavens were spread without a word. Nowhere can you find any beautiful work, any noble design, any durable endeavor, that was not matured in long and patient silence ere it spake out in its accomplishment. There it is that we accumulate the inward power which we distribute and spend in action, put the smallest duty before us in dignified and holy aspects, and gather that strength of self-denial which can meet the severest hardships.

There it is that the soul, enlarging all its dimensions,

at once acquires a greater and more vigorous being, and gathers up its collective forces, to bear down upon the piecemeal difficulties of life, and scatter them to dust. There alone can we enter into that spirit of self-abandonment, by which we take up the cross of duty, however heavy, with feet, however worn and bleeding they may be. And thither shall we return again, only into higher peace and more triumphant power, when the labor is over, and the victory won, and we are called by death into God's loftiest watch-tower of Contemplation.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years;
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On Neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;

And, looking grave, "You must," said he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side! —
With you!" the hapless husband cried.
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."
What more he urged I have not heard;
But Death the poor delinquent spared.

Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke, —
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour.
And, further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name;
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station, —
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell, —
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How calmly he pursued his way,
And what he did from day to day, —
The willing Muse shall tell.

He chaffered, then he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned?" old Dobson cries.
"Soon do ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest:
Since I was here before,
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And now you are fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown replied:
"To spare the aged would be kind;
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length:
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And, sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;
But, latterly, I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith!
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I'll warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and, if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame and deaf and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part."
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate; so ends my tale.

THRALE.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

We cannot consider but with gratitude how happy it is that our vital motions are involuntary. We should have enough to do if we had to keep our hearts beating, and our stomachs at work. Did these things depend, we

will not say upon our effort, but upon our bidding, our care, or our attention, they would leave us leisure for nothing else.

We must have been continually upon the watch, and continually in fear; nor would this constitution have allowed of sleep. The skin and covering of animals is that upon which their appearance chiefly depends, and is that part which perhaps in all animals is most decorated, and most free from impurities. But, were beauty or agreeableness of aspect entirely out of the question, there is another purpose answered by this integument, and by the collocation of the parts of the body beneath it, which is of still greater importance: that purpose is concealment.

Were it possible to view through the skin the mechanism of our bodies, the sight would frighten us out of our wits.

"Durst we make a single movement," asks a lively French writer, "or stir a step from the place we were in, if we saw our blood circulating, the tendons pulling, the lungs blowing, the humors filtrating, and all the incomprehensible assemblage of fibrous tubes, pumps, valves, currents, pivots, which sustain an existence at once so frail and so presumptuous?"

It has been said that a man cannot lift his hand to his head without finding enough to convince him of the existence of a God. And it is well said; for he has only to reflect — familiar as this action is, and simple as it seems to be — how many things are requisite for the performing of it, — how many things which we understand, to say nothing of many more, probably, which we do not; namely, first, a long, hard, strong cylinder, in order to give the arm its firmness and tension, but which, being rigid, and in its substance inflexible, can only turn upon

joints; secondly, therefore, joints for this purpose, — one at the shoulder to raise the arm, another at the elbow to bend it, — these joints continually fed with a soft mucilage to make the parts slip easily upon one another, and holden together by strong braces to keep them in their position: then, thirdly, strings and wires, — that is, muscles and tendons, — artificially inserted, for the purpose of drawing the bones in the directions in which the joints allow them to move.

Hitherto we seem to understand the mechanism pretty well; and, understanding this, we possess enough for our conclusion: nevertheless, we have hitherto only a machine standing still, a dead organization, an apparatus. To put the system in a state of activity, to set it at work, a further provision is necessary; namely, a communication with the brain by means of nerves. We know the existence of this communication, because we can see the communicating threads, and can trace them to the brain; its necessity we also know, because, if the thread be cut, if the communication be intercepted, the muscle becomes paralytic: but, beyond this, we know little, — the organization being too minute and subtile for our inspection.

To what has been enumerated as officiating in the single act of a man's raising his hand to his head, must be added likewise all that is necessary and all that contributes to the growth, nourishment, and sustentation of the limb, the repair of its waste, the preservation of its health, — such as the circulation of the blood through every part of it; its lymphatics, exhalants, absorbents; its excretions and integuments. All these share in the result, join in the effect; and how all these, or any of them, come together, without a designing, disposing Intelligence, it is impossible to conceive.

PALEY.

'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus. When Hope hath built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceiver's trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and "all is in the dust."

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that, when the poor heart clings
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to so fondly and so fast
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this:
One moment round about us their angel-lightnings play;
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all has passed away.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth, —
Seraphic sounds that float away, borne heavenward in their birth:
The golden shell is broken, the silver chord is mute,
The sweet bells all are silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with all that's best below;
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go, —

The bird that sings the sweetest, the pine that crowns the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly natures bear:
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

THE PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A YOUNG man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend, such was his kindness to the young men it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater

pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of the shoes; but, feeling something hard, he stooped down, and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he saw that the money was a present; and he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" — "O dearest sir!" answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words, which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'" We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good. *From the German.*

LORD CHATHAM AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? — measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility.

You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have

done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent, — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms, — never, never, never!

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands."

I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or even in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak.

My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "That God and nature have put into our hands"! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may enter-

tain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.

From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, to extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible blood-hounds of war!

Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose

the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity. Let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night upon my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my utter abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, — a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God;
And he hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TEMPTATION RESISTED, AND HONESTY REWARDED.

A POOR chimney-sweeper's boy was employed, at the house of a lady of rank, to sweep the chimney of her dressing-room.

When finding himself on the hearth of a richly furnished apartment, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things around him.

A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand. Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah, if you had such a one!" After a pause, he said to himself, "But, if I take it, I shall be a thief. And yet," continued he, "nobody would know it: nobody sees me.

Nobody? Does not God see me, who is present everywhere?" Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, putting down the watch: "I had rather be poor, and keep my good conscience, than rich, and become a rascal." At these words, he hastened back into the chimney.

The lady, who was in the room adjoining, having overheard the conversation with himself, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him: "My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday? The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard every thing you said," continued her ladyship. "Thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future. From this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you; nay, more, procure you good instruction, which will assist to guard you from the danger of similar temptations."

The boy burst into tears: he was anxious to express his gratitude, but could not. The lady strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure of seeing this poor chimney-sweeper grow up a good, pious, and intelligent man.

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told, that, as it was given him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, 'It ain't yours: you must return it to its owner.' The bad man say, 'Why, he gave it you, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right: the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Why, he gave it you; and it is your

own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right: the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind: you got it; go, buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no: you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do; and I think I go to sleep: but the good man and the bad keep talking all night, and trouble me; and, now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Another Indian related, that, having got some money, he was, on his way home, tempted to stop at a tavern and buy some rum. "But," said he, pointing to his breast, "I have a good boy and a bad boy here; and the good boy say, 'John, don't you stop there.' The bad boy say, 'Poh, John! never mind; you love a good dram.' The good boy say, 'No, John: you know what a fool you made yourself when you got drunk there before; don't do so again.' When I come to the tavern, the bad boy say, 'Come, John, take one dram; it won't hurt you.' The good one say, 'No, John: if you take one dram, then you take another.' Then I don't know what to do; and the good boy say, 'Run, John,—run hard as you can.' So I run away; and then, be sure, I feel very glad."

From Dillwyn's Anecdotes.

THE HOSPITABLE NEGRO WOMAN.

The enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, was employed by the African Association to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties: his wants were often supplied, and his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively

and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman: —

"Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides; but, from the number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river carried information to Mansong the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming over to see him.

"He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission.

"He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village, to which he pointed, and said that in the morning he would give me further instruction how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house.

"From prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear; and I was obliged to sit the whole day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree. The night threatened to be very uncomfortable: the wind rose, and there was great appearance of heavy rain. The wild beasts, too, were so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches.

"About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me; and, per-

ceiving that I was weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night.

"Finding I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused it to be half broiled on some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night.

"They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive; and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rain fell: the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.' *Chorus*, 'Let us pity the white man: no mother has he to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.'

"Trifling as these events may appear to the reader, they were to me affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented to my compassionate landlady two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense it was in my power to make her."

These simple and affecting sentiments have been thus versified: —

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast:
He sat him down beneath the tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And, ah! no wife's or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.
Chorus. The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife's or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And Mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low:
The white man far away must go,
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.
Chorus. Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's care, —
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Mott's Sketches.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seemed as I lay.

I dreamed that, on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sailed;
While the billows high lifted the boat,
The fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage, a woman I saw,
(Such, at least, was the form that she wore,)
Whose beauty impressed me with awe
Never taught me by woman before.

She sat; and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun, on the waves;
And, smiling divinely, she cried,
"I go to make freemen of slaves."

Then, raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain
Wherever her glory appeared.

Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chased by her melody clear;
And methought, while she "Liberty" sung,
It was liberty only to hear.

Thus, swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a demon her enemy stood,—
Oppression his terrible name.

In his hand, as a sign of his sway,
A scourge, hung with lashes, he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But, soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he viewed,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With the blood of his subjects imbued.

I saw him both sicken and die,
And, the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts that ascended the sky
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which served my weak thought for a guide, —

That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

COWPER.

THE GOOD MASTER AND HIS FAITHFUL SLAVE.

WARNER MIFFLIN, for his candor, affability, and knowledge, was ranked among those who are an honor to their country and their age. He had received from his father thirty-seven negroes, old and young. The day that he had fixed upon for their emancipation being come, he called them, one after another, into his chamber; and this was the conversation that passed with one of them: —

"Well, my friend James, how old art thou?"

"I am twenty-nine and a half years old, master."

"Thou shouldst have been free, as thy white brethren are, at twenty-one. Religion and humanity enjoin me this day to give thee thy liberty; and justice requires me to pay thee, for eight years' service, at the rate of twenty-one pounds and five shillings per annum, including in it thy food and raiment, making altogether a sum of ninety-five pounds twelve shillings and sixpence owing to thee: but, as thou art young and healthy, thou hadst better work for thy living. My intention is to give thee a bond for it, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent.

"Thou hast now no master but God and the laws. Go into the next room; thou wilt find there thy late mistress and my nephew: they are engaged in writing thy manumission. May God bless thee, James! Be wise and industrious. In all thy trials, thou wilt find a friend in thy old master."

James, surprised at a scene so new and affecting, shed many tears: astonishment, gratitude, and a variety of feelings, shook his frame. He shed a flood of tears, and could scarcely articulate these words: "Ah, my master! why do you give me my liberty? I have always had what I wanted; we have worked together in the fields; and I have worked as much for myself as for you. I have eaten of the same food, and been clothed like you; and we have gone on foot together to meeting. We have the sabbath to ourselves: we don't lack any thing. When we are sick, our good and tender mistress comes to our bedside, always saying something consolatory to us. Ah, my dear master! when I am free, where shall I go? and when I am sick"——

"Thou shalt be as the whites; thou shalt hire with those who will give thee generous wages. In a few years, thou shalt purchase a piece of land, marry a wife wise

and industrious as thyself, and rear up children, as I have reared thee, in the fear of the Lord and love of labor. After having lived free and happy, thou shalt die in peace.

"Thou must accept liberty, James: it is a great while since it was due thee. Would to God, the Father of all men, that the whites had never thought of trading in thy African brethren! May he inspire all men with the desire of following our example! We who regard liberty as the first of blessings, — why should we refuse it to those who live among us?"

"Ah, my master! you are so good is the reason I wish not to leave you. *I have never been a slave.* You have never spoken to me but as you speak to white men. I have lacked nothing either in sickness or in health. I have never worked more than your neighbors who have worked for themselves. I have been richer than many whites, — to some of whom I have lent money. And my good and tender mistress never commands us to do any thing, but makes us do every thing by only saying, 'Please to do it.' How shall I leave you? Give me by the year but what you will, in the name of a freeman or a slave, it is of little consequence to me. I shall never be happy but with you. I will never leave you."

"Well, James, I consent to what thou desirest. After thy manumission shall have passed through the necessary forms, I will hire thee by the year. But take at least one week of relaxation, — it is a great epoch of thy life: celebrate it with joy, and rest by doing whatsoever thou wilt."

"No, master, it is seed-time. I will take my pleasure another time: one day only shall be a holiday in my family. Then, since you will have it so, I will accept my liberty; and my first action as a free man is to take your hand, my master, press it between mine, and lay it on my

heart, where the attachment and gratitude of James will not cease until that ceases to beat; and, until that moment, be assured that no laborer in the county of Kent will be more industrious than he who henceforth shall be called Faithful James." *Translated from the French.*

THE PET LAMB.

INSCRIBED TO E. C. R.

Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,
And the little snow-white lamb
Left alone, alone!
Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb
Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar;
Through the murky mist and cloud
Shines no beacon star;
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb
Left alone, alone!

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one,—

Counts them full and fairly:
  Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb
  Left alone, alone!

Up the glen he races,
  Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain, and leaves
  Wood and wold behind,—
Storm upon the mountain,
  Night upon its throne,—
There he finds the little lamb
  Left alone, alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
  Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
  Both his arms are wound.
Soon within his bosom,
  All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb
  Left alone, alone!

Oh, the happy faces
  By the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars,
  But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
  Make that joy their own;
In the midst the little lamb
  Left alone, alone!

WESTWOOD.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

The following notice of this valuable Friend appeared in the "Burlington and Bucks County American," a few days after his funeral:—

Our obituary column of last week recorded the decease on the 16th inst., in his eighty-third year, of this devoted and extraordinary minister of Christ, whose departure from life has left this world poorer, and has cast upon thousands of hearts a shade of solemnity and sadness. We wish that it were in our power to give to our readers such a notice of this saintly man, of this —

"Worn sower of truth's holy seed,"

as may naturally be looked for. But so extensive and so remarkable have been the Christian labors of our lamented townsman, that, although we might embody many striking anecdotes, and glean much respecting him from the published memoirs of some of his distinguished co-workers in the Lord's vineyard, we feel that we should be unable to do justice to the subject, and that we ought to leave it to those to whom the task properly belongs.

Stephen Grellet was a native of Limoges in France. His family was one of high respectability and wealth, and of course shared the dangers and vicissitudes of a period whose record forms one of the most memorable and thrilling of earth's history. In early manhood, he found an asylum in this land; and embracing, with a sincere and earnest soul, the truths of religion, he entered into a perpetual covenant with his God and Saviour. From thorough heart-conviction, he joined the religious Society of Friends, and was duly recognized a minister of that

church in 1798. His early efforts in the Christian ministry were so marked with the divine unction, that one of the most illustrious preachers of that society very early declared that "he was a vessel designed for navigating deep waters." His divine Master had indeed chosen him as one upon whom his honor should be conspicuously placed; and his travels and labors as a Christian missionary were abundant. He made many journeys in different parts of this Union. He preached the unsearchable riches of Christ in the West Indies. He several times crossed the Atlantic, and labored with singular acceptance in Great Britain, and in the various nations of Europe, where his experiences were of so extraordinary a character, that his biography (should a fitting memoir of him be given to the world, as we devoutly hope may be the case) will be fraught with more than ordinary interest and edification. He was the first to hold Christian meetings for the Jews in England; and, in the love of Christ, he visited these people in the Crimea and elsewhere. He ministered to the convicts in prisons, and was instrumental in turning the feet of that "angel of mercy," Elizabeth Fry, into that peculiar field of labor in which she became deservedly world-renowned, and in which she glorified her Lord, and was made the means of turning many benighted souls to everlasting light. In England, he made the firm friendship of Alexander, the autocrat of Russia; and, in the admirable biography of William Allen (which is in our Public Library, and should be in every library), our readers may find interesting accounts of his subsequent interviews with Alexander, and with various members of his family, as well as with prominent officers of the Russian government. Some of his journeys in Europe were attended with imminent perils and with signal deliverances; and it is instructive to trace the course of this thoroughly con-

sistent Quaker and most catholic Christian through camps and armies, before princes and dignitaries of church and of state, with love in his heart for all, but with fear only for Him to whom all men are subservient. And his God gave him wonderful access to the hearts which might be expected to be the most closed against him. He visited the Inquisition in Rome, entering with astonishing force of character where no Protestant, save himself, ever penetrated. To the pope he made statements of wrongs which he had witnessed in his dominions; and then, as to a fellow-sinner who must one day appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, he preached to him the grace which bringeth salvation.

But, in these mere references to some of the labors of our meek, unassuming, yet truly illustrious townsman, we are exceeding the limits which we had assigned ourselves.

As a citizen, he has been long known to the people of Burlington; and we may safely quote the apostle's appeal, "Ye are witnesses how holily and justly and unblamably he behaved himself among you." A heart of larger sympathy we have never known, or one more ready to comprehend and to minister unto afflictions which were carefully concealed. His gospel-preaching was of a character rarely equalled, and probably nowhere surpassed. Its chief characteristic was its wonderful vitality. Perfectly free from every trace of egotism, he preached Jesus Christ and him crucified. The sufferings of his Lord for the sake of sinful man deeply and abidingly affected his soul. His sermons manifested an extraordinary originality, scope of thought, and spiritual wealth. With demonstration of the spirit, and with power, he illustrated his subjects with passages brought from various parts of the sacred volume, and which the hearer found presented in a light in which he never saw them before. Holding all

mankind as his brethren, his public ministry and prayers evinced his large-minded sympathy with the whole human race, and his deep interest in the movements among the nations. To him it was a present sorrow, if famine stalked through foreign lands, if pestilence wasted distant cities, if in any part of earth the sword devoured men for whom Christ died.

There was an unmistakable halo of good to be felt about him, by which even the irreligious were impressed; but, of his personal traits, those best can speak who were privileged with his close friendship, and the theme is too delicate and too sacred for a newspaper editorial.

His gentle, kind, and true heart has for ever ceased its beating; and it remains for those who mourn his loss to bow in resignation to the will of his rich Rewarder; to rejoice in the perfect joy of his salvation; and, carefully noting his shining footsteps, to follow him as he followed Christ.

Burlington, 11 mo., 1855.

IMMORTALITY.

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again: it sprung forth afresh, its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color nor shape nor beauty nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked: the sun broke forth again upon the east, and gilded the mountain-tops; the lark rose to meet

him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect-being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth; but thou shalt be raised again, and thou shalt never die any more.

Who is He that comes to burst open the prison-doors of the tomb, to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven? He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand. It is Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of men, the Friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father: he has received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death. Child of immortality! mourn no more. BARBAULD.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TASTE AND GENIUS.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The

difference between them can be clearly pointed out; and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing.

One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can moreover produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper to observe, also, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much farther than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry; of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular, is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved; but by those alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of culture, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together: but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare; or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for.

A sort of universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any. Although there may be some few exceptions, yet, in general, it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point in order to glow intensely.

BLAIR.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the state, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. A number of young men, who observed the difficulty and confusion the poor old gentleman was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but, when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest among the young fellows was to sit close, and expose the confusion and embarrassment of the old man to the gaze of the whole audience. The frolic went round all the benches reserved for the Athenians; but, on those occasions, there were also particular places set apart for strangers.

When the good man, covered with confusion, came towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, these honest, though less instructed, people rose from their seats, and, with the greatest respect, received the old gentleman among them.

The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Lacedemonians' virtue and their own misconduct, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." ADDISON.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

DOWN in my solitude, under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light to see how I should grow,
I trust to nature to teach me.
I'll not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Though locked in so gloomy a dwelling:
My leaves shall shoot up while my root's running down,
And the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up, with my bright little head:
All will be joyful to see me.
Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
Like rays of the sun from their focus,
When I from the darkness of earth shall emerge,
All complete, as a beautiful Crocus.

Gayly arrayed in gold, crimson, and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
A wise little lesson may borrow,—
If patient to-day through the dreariest hour,
We shall come out the brighter to-morrow.

H. F. GOULD.

THE THREE READERS.

It is related of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that, as he once sat in his private apartment, a written petition was brought to him, with the request that it should be immediately read. The king had just returned from hunting; and the glare of the sun, or some other cause, had so affected his eyesight, that he found it difficult to make out a single word of the manuscript.

His private secretary happened to be absent; and the soldier who brought the petition could not tell the first letter of the alphabet from the last. There was a page, or favored boy-servant, in attendance in the corridor; and upon him the king called. The page was a son of one of the noblemen of the court, but proved to be a very poor reader.

In the first place, he did not articulate distinctly. He huddled his words together in the utterance, as if they were syllables of one long word, which he must get through with as speedily as possible. His pronunciation was bad; and he did not modulate his voice so as to bring out the meaning of what he delivered. Every sentence was read with a dismal monotony, as if it did not differ in any respect from that which preceded it. "Stop!" said the

king, impatiently. "Is it an auctioneer's catalogue, or what is it, that you are hurrying over? Send your companion to me." Another page, who stood at the door, now entered; and to him the king gave the petition. This second page began by hemming and clearing his throat in such an affected manner, that the king jocosely asked him if he hadn't slept in the public garden, with the gate open, the night before.

The second page had a good share of self-conceit, however; and he was not disconcerted by the jest. He determined that he would avoid the rock on which his companion had been wrecked: so he commenced reading the petition with great formality and deliberation, emphasizing every word, and prolonging the articulation of every syllable. But his manner was so tedious that the king cried out, "Stop! are you reciting a lesson in the elementary sounds? Out of the room! Stay! send to me that little girl who is sitting there by the fountain." The girl thus pointed out by the king was a daughter of one of the laborers employed by the royal gardener; and she had come to help her father weed the flower-beds. It chanced, that, like many of the poor people in Prussia even in that day, she had received a good education. She was somewhat alarmed when she found herself in the king's presence, but was re-assured when the king told her he only wanted her to read for him, as his eyes were weak.

Now, Ernestine (for that was her name) was so fond of reading aloud, that frequently many of the poor people in the neighborhood would assemble at her father's house to hear her; and those who could not themselves read would bring to her letters to decipher from distant friends or children. She thus acquired the habit of reading various sorts of handwriting promptly and well.

The king gave her the petition; and she rapidly glanced

through the opening lines, to get some idea of what it was about. As she read, her eyes began to glisten, and her breast to heave. "What is the matter?" asked the king: "don't you know how to read?"—"Oh, yes, sire!" she replied, addressing him with the title usually applied to him: "I will read it now, if you please."

The two pages were about to leave the room. "Remain!" said the king. The little girl began to read the petition. It was from a poor widow, whose only son had been draughted to serve in the army, although his health was delicate, and his pursuits had been of a character to unfit him for military life. His father had been killed in battle; and the son was ambitious of being a portrait-painter.

The writer told her story in a simple, concise manner, that carried to the heart a conviction of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much grace and feeling, that, when she had finished, the king, into whose eyes the water had started, exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known, certainly never have felt, its meaning, had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, recommending them to occupy it in learning to read.

"As for you, my young lady," continued the king, "I know you will ask no better reward for your trouble than to be the instrument of carrying to this poor widow my order for her son's immediate discharge. Let me see if you can write as well as you can read. Take this pen, and follow my dictation." He then dictated an order, which Ernestine wrote, and he signed. Calling one of his guards, he bade him accompany the girl, and see that the order was executed.

How much happiness was Ernestine the means of bestowing through her good elocution, united to the happy circumstance that brought it to the knowledge of the king!

First, there were her poor neighbors, to whom she could give instruction and entertainment; then there was the widow who sent the petition, and who not only regained her son, but received, through Ernestine, an order for him to paint the king's likeness, so that the poor boy soon rose to great distinction, and had more orders than he could attend to. Words could not speak his gratitude, nor that of his poor mother, to the little girl.

And Ernestine had, moreover, the satisfaction of aiding her father to rise in the world, so that he became the king's chief gardener. The great king did not forget her, but had her educated at his own expense. As for the two pages, she was indirectly the means of benefiting them also; for, ashamed of their bad reading, they commenced studying in earnest, till they overcame the faults that had offended the king. Both finally rose to distinction, — one as a lawyer, and the other as a statesman; and they owed their advancement in life to their good elocution.

From Sargent's Fourth Reader. MADAME VINET.

A PASTORAL HYMN.

"Gentle pilgrim, tell me, why
Dost thou fold thy arms and sigh,
And wistful cast thine eyes around?
Whither, pilgrim, art thou bound?"

"The road to Zion's gates I seek:
If thou canst inform me, speak!"

"Keep yon right-hand path with care,
Though crags obstruct and brambles tear.
You just discern a narrow track:
Enter there, and turn not back."

"Say where that pleasant pathway leads,
Winding down yon flowery meads?
Song or dance the way beguiles;
Every face is drest in smiles."

"Shun with care that flowery way;
'Twill lead thee, pilgrim, far astray."

"Guide or counsel do I need?"

"Pilgrim, he who runs may read."

"Is the way that I must keep
Crossed by waters, wide and deep?"

"Did it lead through flood and fire,
Thou must not stop, thou must not tire."

"Till I have my journey passed,
Tell me, will the daylight last?
Will the sun be bright and clear
Till the evening shades appear?"

"Though the sun now rides so high,
Clouds may veil the evening sky;
Fast sinks the sun, fast wears the day;
Thou must not stop, thou must not stay:
God speed thee, pilgrim, on thy way!"

BARBAULD.

THE DREAM OF SOCRATES.

The day when Socrates was to drink the hemlock had come. Early in the morning, his beloved disciples assembled around him: with chastened sorrow they stood about the couch of the philosopher. Some of them were weeping. Then the wise martyr lifted up his head, and said, "Why this mournful silence, my beloved? I will tell you of a cheerful thing, — a dream which I dreamed last night." — "Couldst thou sleep, and even dream of cheerful things?" said the good Apollodorus. "I could not close my eyes."

Then Socrates smiled, and said, "What would my past life be worth if it could not even sweeten my last sleep? Dost thou not think, Apollodorus, that I have devoted it to Celestial Love?" Several voices, tremulous with grateful emotion, answered this question. Apollodorus could reply only by silence and fast-flowing tears.

"Know, then," said Socrates, "that to him who devotes his life to her service she sends down the lovely Graces. Secretly and invisibly they beautify his hours, be they hours of joy or hours of suffering, with heavenly lustre, and surround them with ambrosial fragrance. But, above all, the sweet sisters are busy about him in the last hour of his life; for this is the most serious of all, and hath greatest need of the heavenly light. Thus the last hour of the day is the most beautiful: the beams of evening brighten it like a stream of glory from Elysium.

"I dreamed I saw a beautiful youth entering my prison. On his countenance were visible that serene gravity and calm composure which justly befit a divine form. In his right hand he held a burning torch, that spread a rosy

lustre, like evening light, over the darkness of my prison. The more cheering and sweet this brightness and the aspect of the youth were to me, the more miserable and dreary the night of my prison appeared.

"Slowly the divine youth lowered the torch. But methought I seized his arm, and cried, 'What wouldst thou do?' He answered, 'I would extinguish the torch.'—'Oh, no!' implored I: 'it spreads a sweet light through the darkness of my prison.' But he smiled, and said, 'It is the torch of terrestial life: thou needest it no longer; for, so soon as it is extinguished, thy bodily eye will close for ever, and thou wilt rise hand in hand with me to a higher world, where a pure, eternal lustre will surround thee. How couldst thou, then, feel the want of the self-consuming, earthly torch?'

"'Oh, then, turn the torch!' cried I, and awoke. I was alone in the night of my dungeon. Alas! I grieved that all had been a dream. But, behold! here comes the cup which will realize it." The jailer entered, with the boy who carried the cup of poison. The voice of weeping and lamentation arose among the disciples of Socrates, and even the jailer wept.

From the German of Krummacher. S. S. F. R.

ELOQUENCE OF CREATION.

The heavens declare the glory of God:
The firmament showeth forth the work of his hands.
Day uttereth instruction unto day,
And night showeth knowledge unto night.

They have no speech nor language,
And their voice is not heard;
Yet their sound goeth forth to all the earth,
And their words to the ends of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which cometh forth like a bridegroom from his chamber,
And rejoiceth like a strong man to run his course.
He goeth forth from the extremity of heaven,
And maketh his circuit to the end of it;
And nothing is hid from his heat.

The law of the Lord is perfect, reviving the soul;
The precepts of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the eyes;
The service of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More precious are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.
By them also is thy servant warned;
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who knoweth his own offences?
Oh! cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back also thy servant from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright;

I shall not be polluted with gross transgression.
May the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord! my strength and my redeemer.

Psalm xix. *Translated by Noyes.*

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity,
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human-kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes:
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound,
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee!

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Flushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine:
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

GRACE DARLING.

In the month of September, in the year 1838, the Forfarshire, a steam-vessel, proceeding from Hull, in England, to Dundee, in Scotland, encountered some rough weather off the coast of Northumberland. The vessel not being strong, and the machinery of the steam-engine being defective, she was wrecked on the rocks. Many of the crew and passengers were washed off the deck, and drowned. In a situation of such great peril, no one expected to escape.

Early in the morning, the family who dwelt in the North-Sunderland Lighthouse, on looking abroad, beheld the vessel upon the rocks, with a powerful sea beating upon her, and which threatened her with complete destruction. Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse, would fain

have gone in his boat to rescue a few of the distressed passengers; but he despaired of carrying his little bark through such a heavy sea.

He was at length encouraged to make the attempt by his daughter Grace, a girl of twenty-two years old, who offered to accompany him, and work one of the oars. They went; they reached the vessel: nine persons trusted their lives to the boat; and, notwithstanding the raging of the sea, the whole party arrived safely at the lighthouse, where every necessary kindness was shown to the individuals who had been rescued.

As no other persons were saved from the wreck, it may be concluded that these would have perished, had it not been for the heroism of Grace Darling, who was willing to risk her own life, rather than allow so many fellow-creatures to sink before her eyes without an effort being made on their behalf.

The generous conduct of this young woman attracted much attention. Her praises were, for a time, in every mouth. Artists flocked to her lonely dwelling to take her portrait, and depict the scene in which she had been engaged.

A sum exceeding three thousand dollars, collected by subscription, was presented to her; and some of the most eminent persons in the land wrote letters to her, containing warm expressions of regard.

It is probable that her name and her heroic act will not soon be forgotten; for less admirable actions, which took place several thousand years ago, are still remembered. Yet this excellent girl, as modest as she was brave, was heard to remark, that she never would have supposed she had done any thing extraordinary if her conduct had not been so much spoken of by others.

S. T. Reader.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

A PIOUS father had an unruly son, who, refusing all exhortations, spent his days in the company of bad men, and indulged in every sensual pleasure. Thus his heart became more and more corrupt, and every virtue was deadened within him. The father mourned in silence for the perversity of the youth.

After some time, the father fell dangerously ill; and, when he felt death approaching, he sent for his son. When the son appeared by the bedside of his father, the latter said to him, "Fear not, my son, that I shall reproach thee with thy way of life. Behold! I shall die, and thou shalt be heir to my possessions. But fulfil the last wish which I shall address to thee. It is easy to accomplish it; therefore I trust thou wilt promise to fulfil it, and wilt keep thy word."

The son answered, that he would do so if it lay in his power. Then the dying father said, "Promise me, my son, that, for the space of two months, thou wilt come every night into this chamber, and devote one half-hour to solitude and reflection."

The son promised faithfully to do so, and gave his father his hand upon it. His father blessed him and died, and his mortal body was buried. The son returned to his companions, and lived merrily and thoughtlessly as before.

But, when the night came, he remembered his vow; and the image of his dying father admonished him to keep it. At first, it was very troublesome to him to be alone, it seemed so dreary and silent; and fear fell upon him. But

he overcame this feeling on account of his pledged word, thinking, "Two months will pass quickly."

But, behold! now his eyes were opened concerning his life: his heart accused him, and the fear of the Lord entered into his soul. He communed with himself, and wept, and became another man.

From the German of Krummacher. S. T. R.

GETTING INTO A PASSION.

It does not follow, because people may retire from the world, that they must become saints; for, so long as the tendency to evil remains in the heart, some circumstance from without will call it forth, and then sin is again committed. To make this clear, I must tell you an old story.

There was once a man of a very passionate temper; and, instead of looking for the cause of this in himself, he threw the blame of it on other people. It was they, he said, who made him get into such passions, and who spoiled all his pleasure in life; and therefore he would leave them, and become a hermit.

And so he went into a desert place, where there were no inhabitants, and built himself a hut in the middle of a wood, where there was a little spring of water; and the small quantity of bread that he needed he ordered a boy to bring to him once a week, and place upon a rock a good way from the hut.

He had not been a hermit very long, — not many days, I believe, — when he took his pitcher, and went to the spring. The ground by the spring was very uneven; and

so his pitcher fell over as he set it down. The hermit lifted it up, and placed it carefully under the spring; but the water, which poured out with great force, fell on one side of the pitcher, and again it tumbled. This put the hermit in a great passion; and, snatching up the pitcher, he said, "It shall stand, though!" and set it on the ground with such violence that it broke all to pieces.

With this, he saw he had been giving way to one of his old bursts of passion; and he said to himself, "If this is the way I go on in my solitude, the fault must be mine if I cannot command my temper among men. I had better return to my duties in the world, and endeavor to avoid evil, and do what is right." And so he went back into the world a wiser and a better man. S. T. R.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth,—

Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security;
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires:
I feel the weight of chance desires.
My hopes no more must change their name:
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;

Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour.
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly, wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

HARDSHIPS OF OUR LOT.

How frequently do we hear men complain of the hardship of their lot, and lament that they were not born to a more fortunate position, or have not been as successful in business as some others whose circumstances they envy! We are all too apt to mark the dark features in our own destiny, and, setting them in opposition to bright ones of our neighbor's, arraign Providence, and murmur our complaints against the unequal allotment. We set up our low pecuniary position against our neighbor's lofty one, but forget, at the same time, to throw into the balance our own and our family's florid health against his feebleness and dis-

ease; we observe with sickness of heart the honors heaped upon him, while we plod on in a humble and obscure pathway: but we leave out of sight the hollow mockery of too many of these honors, which will be torn from his brow by the very hands which placed them there, just when their possession begins to be necessary to his happiness. We see another's children decked out in finery, and riding in a carriage, while ours are dressed in humble garb, and go on foot; and we mourn, in love of our own dear offspring, that they, too, cannot be in like manner gratified: but we overlook the fact that perhaps the former is a broken band, and that Death is even now waiting for others, while ours are spared to us by that Providence for whose mercies we are so ungrateful.

We have in our mind a really excellent friend, and one usually reasonable in the affairs of life, but who occasionally looks upon the dark side of his own fortune, and laments over imaginary hardships. He is not blessed with wealth, it is true; but he has a home replete with internal comfort, a kind and gentle wife, and three young buds of promise springing up around his hearthstone. He asserts, with all sincerity, that a babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure; but he sometimes thinks material blessings are not showered upon him quite sufficiently in addition.

One evening, after indulging in a mood of unreasonable melancholy, he sat before his own cheerful grate, while his wife was busy plying her needle, and the children were prattling at his feet. A messenger came in from the telegraph-office with a despatch, which announced to him the fearful intelligence that a dear friend about his own age, but whose pecuniary and social position he had sometimes almost envied, had been accidentally killed. The unfortunate man was on board a train of cars that met with a

collision; and, without a moment's warning, he was deprived of life. He left a family to mourn a husband and father's untimely end. Need we say, that, in view of such a calamity, our friend gathered his own little flock around him, and felt as if the fearful message was a just rebuke to him for his unreasonable complaining?

At another time, his friends had put him in nomination for a political office, and one of trust and profit, with a very reasonable prospect of his success; but just at the moment of election, by some jugglery of parties, he lost the place by a few votes. Greatly chagrined by the result, he went home, on the evening his defeat was made certain, in one of his fits of melancholy and discontent. As he entered his house with a careless slam of the door, his wife met him with an anxious expression of countenance, and a caution to be quiet, as the youngest boy, a bright little fellow of two years, after a feverish day, had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and was then moaning and tossing in his sleep. The illness increased until the next morning, when a physician was called, who pronounced it a dangerous case of scarlet-fever.

Day and night, both the father and the mother watched beside the poor boy's little bed, while he lay at death's door; and, when the fever at length took a favorable turn, need we add, the hearts of both parents went out in gratitude to God for his mercy? How mean and pitiful did the late disappointment in his political aspirations appear in the eyes of the father, compared with the joy he experienced when he became assured that the youngest lamb of his flock was yet spared to them by the Good Shepherd! *Friends' Review.*

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.*

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest
  Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning in their classic quest
  The leaves of empire o'er:
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts
  The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,
  And Scythia's steppes, they trod;—

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine
  In the night-sun are cast,
And the deep heart of many a Norland mine
  Quakes at each riving blast;
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,
  A baptized Scythian queen,
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,
  The North and East between;—

Where still through vales of Grecian fable stray
  The classic forms of yore,
And Beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,
  And Dian weeps once more;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds,
  And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds
  Black with the cypress-tree;—

* William Allen and Stephen Grellet.

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,
Following the track of Paul;
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home
Their vast, eternal wall.
They paused not by the ruins of old Time,
They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains climb
The cold abyss of air;—

But unto prisons where men lay in chains,
To haunts where hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains
And wants of human-kind;
Scattering sweet words and quiet deeds of good
Along their way like flowers;
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only could,
With princes and with powers;—

Their single aim, the purpose to fulfil
Of Truth, from day to day:
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.
Yet dream not hence the beautiful and old
Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown
From off the Cyprian shore;
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone
That man they valued more.
A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way unsought.

In sweet accordancy of peace and love,
The singing waters run;
And sunset-mountains wear, in light above,
The smile of duty done.
Sure stands the promise; even to the meek
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they earth who single-hearted seek
The righteousness of heaven!

J. G. WHITTIER.

CHRISTIAN REDEMPTION.

THE following concise and beautiful description of the excellency of the plan of Christian redemption forms the conclusion of the "Memoirs of Lindley Murray." It is the testimony of one who had practically felt and experienced the powerful support, the holy consolation, and the final promise, of eternal joy and glory, which the religion of Christ, and that alone, can disclose and impart.

"I cannot finish these memoirs of my life, without expressing still more particularly my sense of the greatest blessing which was ever conferred on mankind, — I mean the redemption from sin, and attainment of a happy immortality, by the atonement and intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I contemplate this wonderful proof of the love of God to man as an act of mercy and benignity, which will stimulate the gratitude and love, the obedience, praise, and adoration, of the redeemed, through ages that will never end. This high dispensation is in every respect adapted to our condition as frail and sinful creatures. In surveying our offences and imperfections, it

prevents despondence, directs us where to look for relief, and freely offers us, if we are truly penitent and believe in Christ, pardon and peace. In reflecting on our religious attainments, it checks presumption, and keeps us humble; and, amidst all the trials and troubles of life, it cheers us with the prospect of a merciful deliverance, and of being soon received into those blissful regions, where we shall be secured, eternally secured, from sin and sorrow; where we shall be admitted into the Divine Presence, and unceasingly celebrate, in joyful anthems, the praises of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, — one God blessed for ever. To them who obtain this glorious and happy state, all the afflictions of the longest and most painful life will then appear to have been indeed light and momentary; as a drop of the ocean, as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, compared with the greatness of their felicity, and the endless ages of its continuance." *Wheat Sheaf.*

KNOWLEDGE.

"WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp-looking, bustling little man to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing, — knowledge is power," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years of age than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be: everybody knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It

may be either a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power; and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meekly replied the old man; and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burthens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but, when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes his carriage to pieces, or throws his rider."

"I see! I see!" said the little man.

"When the water of a pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but, when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the field."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

"When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists enables her the sooner to get into port; but, if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the further she will go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see clearly!"

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but, without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse."

"I see! I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

S. T. Reader.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not said unto the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled dreams are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time,—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

ON READING WELL.

In the delivery of their own feelings, opinions, and wishes, by speech, in their ordinary intercourse with one another, all men are elocutionists. In earnest conversation, we all feel what we say; and, consequently, even the most ignorant person may, at times, so emphasize his words, or elevate and lower the tones of his voice, as to produce some of the effects of eloquence.

It is when people begin to read aloud the sentiments and opinions of others that they depart from this natural eloquence, and sink into a listless, monotonous drawl, without grace, modulation, emphasis, or energy.

The first requisite for good reading, therefore, is to feel what the author says. If you will labor to understand his meaning, and then articulate distinctly, and bestow

your pauses and emphases aright, you will conquer nine-tenths of the difficulties in the way.

A person may, however, fully comprehend the meaning of what he is to read, and yet, from a bad mode of managing his voice, — from an impure articulation or inaccurate pronunciation, — he may fail to please, or even to be understood.

Good reading or speaking may be considered as that species of delivery which not only expresses the sense of the words so as to be merely understood, but, at the same time, gives them all the force, beauty, and variety of which they are susceptible.

The best posture for reading aloud is an upright, standing one. In sitting, the muscles of the chest cannot work so freely. If your posture is a sluggish, unhandsome one, your reading will be likely to resemble it. A reader must be in earnest, and must show it by his attitude.

I hope you will not undervalue the importance of reading and speaking well. It is by the power of speech that we are mainly distinguished from the brutes. How important to cultivate a faculty so noble, and so powerful for good uses! How important to acquire in early youth an accurate habit of articulation, and lay the foundation for those graces of elocution, which, under good instruction, practice will supply!

To read and speak with elegance and ease
Are arts polite that never fail to please;
Yet in those arts how very few excel!
Ten thousand men may read, — not one read well:
Though all mankind are speakers in a sense,
How few can soar to heights of éloquence!
The sweet, melodious singer trills her lays,
And listening crowds go frantic in her praise;

But he who reads or speaks with feeling true,
Charms and delights, instructs and moves us too.

Standard Third Reader.

THE KING AND THE FLATTERER.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, was far from being happy, though he had great riches, and all the pleasures which wealth could procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, told him that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionysius. "Hast thou a mind," said the king, "to taste this happiness, and to know what that is of which thou hast so high an idea?" Damocles, with joy, accepted the offer.

The king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded sofa placed for him. There were sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of great beauty were ordered to attend his table, and to obey his commands.

Fragrant ointments, flowers, and perfumes were added to the feast, and the table was spread with choice delicacies of every kind. Damocles, over-elated with pleasure, fancied himself among superior beings.

But in the midst of all this happiness, as he lay indulging himself in state, he sees let down from the ceiling, just over his head, a large, bright sword, hung by a single hair. This sight put an end to his joy.

The pomp of his attendance, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands, cease to afford him any pleasure.

He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table; he throws off the garland of roses; he hastens to remove from so dangerous a situation, and earnestly begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer a happiness so terrible.

By this device, Dionysius showed to Damocles how wretched was he, the king, in the midst of all the treasures and all the honors which royalty could bestow.

CICERO.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt:" —

"Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's oh to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream.

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep:
Alas that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work, work, work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? — a bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
That shattered roof and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime;
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work, work, work,
In the dull December light;
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet! —
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour, —
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love and hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tones could reach the rich! —
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THOMAS HOOD.

MINISTERIAL DISCERNMENT AND FAITHFULNESS.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." — 1 Cor. x. 13.

When Stephen Grellet, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, was paying a religious visit in B—— and its vicinity, he believed it to be required of him to sit with the Moravian Sisters.

He accordingly applied to a lady of that sect with whom he was acquainted, requesting her to obtain permission, who called on the superintendent for that purpose. As soon as that lady heard the name of the applicant, she expressed so much pleasure at the proposal as to surprise her visitor, as Stephen Grellet was a native of France, and she had not heard of his being in England before; and, on the lady's stating this to the superintendent, she requested her to be seated, and she would inform her how she became acquainted with him; when she gave her the following interesting narrative: —

"I do not know whether you are aware that I formerly filled a situation in —— similar to that which I now occupy; and, though I have been now many years in England, the visit that gentleman paid us is now fresh in my memory. He asked leave to visit us, which I readily granted; and, at the time fixed, my family, consisting of sixteen young women, were assembled in the parlor. He brought a friend with him, who I found was his travelling companion. After they had shaken hands with us, they took their seats; and we sat, as is their custom, in silence for some time. Stephen Grellet's companion then knelt down, and, with much solemnity, begged a blessing on the members of our institution. Soon after we had taken our seats, he spoke to the assembled company in very kind and encouraging language, and, after a short silence, appeared inclined to break up the meeting. Stephen Grellet then said that he had suffered deeply since he had taken his seat amongst us, being under concern for an individual of the company, believing, as he did, that she was enduring great conflict as a trial of her faith. He then addressed her in the sweetly comforting language of Scripture, — 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' &c., — warning her, at the same time, to beware of Satan's devices, who, he feared, was endeavoring to allure her to venture into the world, — that world, to be freed from whose shackles had been her ardent desire. He told her, that, if the temptation to which he feared she was then at times almost inclined to yield was not resisted, it would lead from the path of self-denial and obedience; and that, by thus forsaking the right way, she would be exposed to many and sore besetments, of which, in that sheltered asylum, she could form no idea. He concluded with commending her to the Good Shepherd, who careth for his sheep, earnestly desiring

that her affections might be brought back to Him from whom they had wandered. Soon afterwards they arose; and, both himself and his companion having kindly taken their leave, they withdrew.

"One of my dear young women then requested a private conference with me; when she taxed me with a breach of confidence, in having, as she believed, given information respecting her. 'And,' said the dear girl, with tears, 'oh! why did you tell my affairs to an *utter* stranger?' I assured her I had never seen the stranger before, and had had no communication with him, and had been much surprised, whilst Stephen Grellet was speaking, to hear how exactly he had told her what was in her heart. 'Well,' said the poor girl, 'how very remarkable this is! for I am sure you are the only person to whom I have ever spoken on this subject.'

"I will now tell you how she was circumstanced. She was the daughter of poor but virtuous parents. Her person was singularly beautiful; which had subjected her, at an early age, to the distinguished attention of a young nobleman who resided near her father's cottage, a man as much noted for his vices as for his rank. Her parents were therefore induced to adopt the only means of her safety, by requesting her admittance into our house. I readily undertook the charge of this lovely young person, and found her of an amiable and docile disposition. The young nobleman, finding his views defeated, went into the army; and, as his regiment was soon afterwards ordered for foreign service, he was for some years absent from his native country. But, a few months before we had the visit from Stephen Grellet, he had returned home, and, with his splendid fortune, made an honorable proposal to her parents. This was of course communicated to her, and was the cause of her becoming unsettled.

"As the young man appeared to retain his love of the world and its follies, if not its vices, I labored hard with my sweet charge to induce her to remain under that roof, rather than risk both her present and everlasting happiness by this connection; but her youthful fancy was afloat, and I could not obtain from her a promise that she would give it up.

"Judge, then, of my feelings, when, in this conference with her, I found her heart had been effectually reached, and she declared her determination to remain with us! On the following day, she said how greatly she regretted having ever listened to the tempter, and promised, through divine assistance, to be more watchful in future. This promise she was enabled to keep; and, from her subsequent stability, she was chosen to fill the office which was vacated by my coming to take charge of this institution." *Select Miscellanies.*

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

SOME years ago, a few ladies in Dublin, who had met together to read the Scriptures and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the fuller's soap and the refiner of silver were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of Christ; whilst another observed there was something remarkable in the expression of the third verse, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." They agreed that it might be so; and one of the

ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and repeat to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her visit, begged to know from him the process of purifying silver, which he fully described to her. "But, sir," said she, "do you not sit while the work of purifying is going on?" — "Oh, yes, madam!" replied the silversmith, "I must sit with my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace; for, if the time of refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured." At once she saw the beauty, and comfort too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it is needful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated by them, his eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and his love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random: the very hairs of their head are all numbered.

As the lady was leaving, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention, "that he only knew when the process of purifying was accomplished by seeing his own image reflected in the silver." Beautiful figure! When Christ sees his own image in his people, his work of purifying is accomplished.

Cope's Anecdotes.

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep:
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing, in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath, —
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the moon was shining clear.

J. T. FIELDS.

ROBERT BARCLAY'S REJECTION OF LARGE PROPERTY.

COLONEL BARCLAY had three sons. Robert, the eldest of these, had, from his youth, the appearance of a very promising genius. After receiving the rudiments of his education in the best schools of his native country, he was

sent into France to pursue his studies under the direction of an uncle, the rector of a Romish college in Paris. Here his talents so much distinguished him, that he obtained the notice and particular approbation of the professors. His deportment and character also endeared him to his uncle so much, that he offered to bequeathe to him the whole of his property, which was very considerable, provided he would consent to remain with him in France. This offer of his uncle he at once rejected; and no temptation could shake his resolution, when he found that his father was opposed to his continuance in a country where he was in so much danger of becoming tainted with the superstitions of Popery.

Colonel Barclay, fearing his son's remaining in France any longer, and also in compliance with the dying request of his wife, went himself to Paris, in order to bring him home. This measure was strongly opposed by his uncle, the rector, who, in order to detain him if possible, proposed to purchase, and immediately bestow upon him, an estate superior in value to his paternal one. But neither this offer nor the more tempting one of his whole estate and heirship was effectual. The amiable youth chose rather to sacrifice worldly interest to filial duty, and replied that his father must be obeyed.

His uncle, finding himself disobliged, left his property to the college and to other religious houses in France.

"Scotland, thou hadst a noble citizen
In him of Ury! Born amid thy hills,
Though educated where enticing scenes
Crowd giddy Paris, he rejected all
The world's allurements; and, unlike the youth
Who talked with Jesus, Barclay turned away
From great possessions, and embraced the truth."

Select Miscellanies.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

[The following circumstance was related by Samuel Fothergill, on his return to England, after his visit to America.]

A FRIEND, at whose house he lodged when passing through the wilderness, was a widow, and lived with her son, who cultivated a small piece of land, which furnished them a frugal subsistence. Their nearest neighbor, who lived a few miles distant through the forest, came early one afternoon to request she would visit his wife, who was suddenly taken very ill, and stay with her while he went for medical advice.

With this she complied; and, putting up in a basket a few needful things for the sick woman, she told her son she did not expect to return before the next morning; and set out, and reached the place in safety. With suitable remedies, the invalid soon recovered; and, her husband coming speedily back, the widow concluded to return home that evening, hoping, as it was a fine moonlight night, that she might pass the forest without danger.

But, on crossing an open glade, she saw a company of wolves drinking at a pool of water at some distance; which made her sensible of her great rashness, thinking that, unless she could pass unobserved, her destruction was inevitable, as no human help was at hand: for, though her home was now in sight, she could not get in, believing her son would be in bed, and the cottage fast.

In this strait, she lifted up her heart to God in earnest prayer that He, who had often strengthened and consoled her in many troubles, would now be pleased to interpose for her help, and not permit her to be devoured by these

savage creatures. Her mind became composed, and she ran quickly forward. On crossing the fence, she looked back, and perceived that one of the wolves had discovered her. She uttered a shrill cry; and immediately the whole pack was in pursuit.

Meanwhile her son had retired to rest, but could not sleep: a strange and unusual anxiety came over his mind, which continually increased. He got up, and made a large fire of wood, which blazed brightly, by which he sat down. In a short time he thought he heard his mother's voice calling to him; and, opening the door, he perceived her, followed by several wolves. One was so near as almost to touch her shoulder with his paw. The sudden light dazzled and checked them; and, for a moment, they fell back, which gave her time to rush into the house and close the door; when she with her son, both greatly affected by this deliverance, united in returning thanks for the merciful interposition which had so remarkably preserved her life.

ON WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

The Quaker stood under his smooth broad-brim,
In his garment so plain, so simple, and trim:
'Twas better than royal robes to him
Who looked to the inward part.
Foregoing the honors and wealth of earth,
He emptied his breast of the praise of birth,
To seek the treasures of matchless worth
Reserved for the pure in heart.

And he heaved a sigh at the lofty look
Of the mitred head o'er the golden book,
And a view of the costly drapery took
With a meek and pitying eye:
"Alas," said he, as he turned away
From the splendid temple, the grand display,
"What honor to worldly pomp they pay
In the name of the King Most High!"

Then he looked around on his haughty land,
Where those of his faith were a suffering band,
Enchained in conscience, and under the hand
Of merciless power opprest:
"I'll seek," said the Quaker, "a happier shore,
Where I and my people may kneel before
The shrine we erect to the God we adore,
And none shall our rights molest."

And, sick of the sounding of empty things,
Of beggarly strife in the land of kings,
His dovelike spirit unfurled her wings
For a bold and a venturous sweep.
She wafted him safe o'er billow and spray,
'Twixt the sea and the sky, through a pathless way,
To a beautiful sylvan scene that lay
Far over the boiling deep.

And when he came down, unruffled and staid,
Where along the skirt of a peaceful shade
The Schuylkill and Delaware rolled, and made
Their friendly waters unite,
The Indian sprang from his light canoe,
The bird to the topmost branch withdrew,
And the deer skipped up on the cliff to view
The new and unseemly sight.

Then the tomahawk dropped from the red man's hand
When he saw the Quaker advance and stand,
Presenting his purse, but to share the land
He had come to possess with him;
And, scanning his bland and noble face,
Where goodness was all that his eye could trace,
He haughtily smiled at its hiding-place
Far under the hat's broad brim.

"Thou'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me and in mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and to thine,
Who abuse no power, and admit no line
'Twixt the red man and the white,
Save the cords of love as a sacred tie;
For our one great Father, who dwelleth on high,
Regards the child with an angry eye
Who robs from his brother's right."

The Indian paused, and the Quaker stood,
The righteous lord of the shadowy wood,
Like the Genius of thought in his solitude,
Till his spirit, the inner man,
Become too mighty to be repressed
Beneath his drab in his ample breast,
Had moved, and with neatness and plainly dressed,
Came forth, and his lips began:—

"I may not swear, but I'll prophesy,
This lofty forest, that towers so high,
Must bow, and its stately head will lie
On the lap of its mother earth,
When the stroke of the axe shall its pride subdue,
Dismantle the dale, and the mountain too:
Their branching honors the ground shall strew,
To blaze on the peaceful hearth.

"Where now the poor Indian scatters the sod,
With offerings brought to an unknown god,
By gospel-light shall the path be trod
To the courts of the Prince of Peace.
And here will Commerce appoint her mart;
The marble will yield to the hand of Art;
From the sun of science his rays will dart,
And the darkness of nature cease."

And thus did the vision of prophecy
Expand and blaze to the prophet's eye,
Till it grew so vast, and rose so high,
That the gentle words, which hung
Like a string of pearls from his cautious lip,
On their silver thread he was fain to clip,
Lest something more than the truth should slip,
For once, from a Quaker's tongue.

But the trees quaked, too, at the things he spoke;
For they knew that the knee of the knotted oak
Must bend e'er the vow of the Quaker broke;
And they bowed, and kissed the ground:
The hammer and axe had abjured repose;
And the mountains rang with their distant blows,
As the forest fell, and the city rose,
And her glory beamed around.

Her laws were as righteous, pure, and plain,
As the warm in heart and cool in brain,
To bind the strong in a silken chain,
Could in wisdom and love devise:
The tongue needed not the bond of a vow;
And man to his fellow-man did not bow,
Nor doff the screen o'er his open brow
To any beneath the skies.

The Quaker passed on from land to land,
With the lowly heart and the open hand
Of one who felt where he soon must stand,
And his final account give in;
For long had he made up his sober mind,
That he could not depart, and be fully resigned
To leaving the fields of the earth behind
No better than they had been.

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came
To leave it his love and implant his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of fame
Till its final blast shall die:
The city he reared from the sylvan shade
His beautiful monument now is made;
And long have the rivers their pride displayed
In the scenes they are rolling by.

Select Miscellanies.

LETTER FROM A SCOTCH LADY, DESCRIBING ELIZABETH FRY'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

The labor and success of Elizabeth Fry, in reforming the female prisoners in Newgate, soon became known far beyond the limits of the metropolis, or even the boundaries of England; and this publicity, thus given to her deeds of mercy, led to an extensive correspondence between her and many benevolent persons in different parts of the United Kingdom. Her own generous mind, influenced by the gospel of Christ, prompted her to seek the

means of extending the blessings of salvation to all to whom she could gain access.

She contemplated the reform of prisoners in North Britain and in the sister-island. In company with one of her brothers, she visited the prisons of Scotland in 1818, and, in 1827, those of Ireland; both journeys, as well as many others of the same description, being undertaken in the character of a minister of the gospel of the Society of Friends; so that her service from place to place was chiefly of a directly religious character.

Though the prisoners in Scotland were not so numerous as in England, Elizabeth Fry found many, and those in a very deplorable condition. The manner in which she was received at Glasgow will appear from the following paragraphs of a beautiful letter from a Scotch lady, who was present with her in some of her visits of mercy to the bridewell and the jail: —

"I have had it on my mind to write to you, my dear Mrs. ——, ever since Mrs. Fry visited us. What an additional happiness would it have been, had you also seen her! She would not have disappointed you. But, as that could not be, I wish I had written the account whilst it remained in its full brightness. Really, I never before felt any thing like inspiration or enchantment; only with this charm above the fairy's spell or poet's dream, — that we turn not again to look for its fruits. But it does indeed, again and again, give the pleasing reflection that these things have been done, and have surmounted the scoffing and opposition of the world, and, more than all, the strong and reckless hearts of such beings as she had to deal with.

"She found our prison very badly managed; the women crowding by night four or five into one cell, without any work, without a matron, no chaplain, and locked up by

the common turnkey, — all this contrary to the original design.

"Mrs. Fry has left a letter for the magistrates, containing observations which I hope will be attended to. But I forget it is Mrs. Fry, more than the state of the prisons, you wish to hear of.

"She is about forty; tall, thin, sedate; with a physiognomy gentle, but very observant; at first not calling forth much sympathy. Her brother, Mr. Gurney, is like Col. M——; younger than Mrs. Fry, but joining in all her benevolence. His wife is an interesting, young, and beautiful Quakeress, active to every thing, but particularly the success of her husband and sister, and confirming, by her vivacity of manner, the persuasion of his earnestness and her eloquence.

"Mrs. Fry's voice and manner are delightful, and her communication free and unembarrassed. She met several of the magistrates by desire and appointment: also, this evening, a number of ladies met at the bridewell. She told them, with much simplicity, what had been done at Newgate. She entered into pleasant conversation with every one; and all were delighted when she offered to speak a little to the poor women.

"But the keeper of the bridewell said he feared it was a dangerous experiment; for that they never, but by compulsion, listened to reading, and were generally disposed to turn any thing of the kind into ridicule. She said she was not without fears of this happening; but she thought it would show the ladies what she meant.

"The women, about a hundred, were then assembled in a large room; and we went in, misdoubting and anxious. She took off her little bonnet, and sat down on a low seat fronting the women; then, looking at them with a kind and conciliating eye, yet an eye that met every eye there,

she said, 'I had better just tell you what we are come about.' She told them she had to deal with a great number of poor women, sadly wicked, more wicked than any there present, and in what manner they were recovered from evil. Her language was often biblethetical; always referring to our Saviour's promises, and cheering with holy hope these dissolute beings. 'Would not you like to turn from that which is wrong? Would you not like for ladies to visit you, and speak comfort to you, and help you to become better? Surely you would tell to them your griefs: they who have done evil have many sorrows.' She read to them the rules, asking them, if approved, to hold up their hands if they accorded therewith; but, as soon as she spoke, tears began to flow. One very beautiful girl near me had her eyes swimming with tears; and her lips moved as if following Mrs. Fry. One old woman, who held her Bible, we saw clasping it with emotion as she became more and more impressed. The hands were ready to rise at every pause; and those callous and obdurate offenders were, with one consent, bowed before her. During this moment, she took the Bible, and read aloud the parable of the lost sheep and the piece of silver; also the prodigal son.

"It is impossible for me to express to you the effect of her saintly voice while speaking such blessed words. She often paused, and looked at the poor women, as she named them with a sweetness which won their confidence; applying with beauty and taste all the parts of the story to them, and in a manner I never before heard, and particularly the words, 'His father saw him while he was yet a great way off.' A solemn pause succeeded the reading; then, resting the large Bible on the ground, we saw her on her knees before them. Her prayer was devout and soothing; and her musical voice, in the peculiar, sweet

tones of the Quakers, seemed like the voice of a mother to her suffering child.

"In the prison of Glasgow, we found sixteen women. She had only to read and converse with them; for the proposal of work was greedily received. There were some much more varied emotions than at bridewell,—astonishing repugnance, and, in some instances, obdurate refusals to listen; in others, anxious desire to accept her aid. How different were the impressions in the varied figures before her! One old woman, with the appearance of a menial servant and hardened features, said, 'No; no use work.' But these rugged lines were at length relaxed: and I saw a tear fall over the brown visage. But it was not the prisoners alone; for there was not a man in the room unmoved. My father was charmed beyond words.

"We saw too little of her in private; but all we did see more and more delighted us. She is now hastening to her eight children; and she has not a thought or a time to bestow on any thing but prison discipline."

Select Miscellanies.

ELIZABETH FRY.

THE felon's bewailing,
The Magdalen's sigh,
The tears of the widow,
The fatherless' cry,—
These are her epitaph,
Written above;
Lasting memorials,
Records of love.

Spirit of Howard!
  Look down from on high
On the grave of thy sister,
  Elizabeth Fry.
Wrapped in thy mantle,
  She entered the cell,—
A priestess of heaven
  On the threshold of hell:
An angel of mercy,
  Wherever she went,
Calling, like Peter,
  On men to repent.
Wearisome nights
  And wearisome days,
Mindful of duty,
  Unmindful of praise;
In the gloom of the dungeon,
  Upon the cold ground,
By the sick and the dying,
  There was she found.
Oh! many a sight
  She looked upon there
Of sickness and death,
  Of sorrow and care:
Like Aaron she stood,
  'Twixt the living and dead,
A stranger to doubting,
  A stranger to dread;
A handmaid of Heaven,
  By charity sent,—
Scattering blessings
  Wherever she went.
The feelings of woman,
  The courage of man,

Gave love and decision
To every plan.
Nations of Europe
Are shrouded in gloom;
All creeds and all classes
Weep over her tomb.

WM. NICOMB.

LOSSES AND ANXIETIES.

. . . WHAT so well trains the judgment, and schools the affections, and stirs the energies, as a due sense of the exposures amidst which we live? The leading faculty of mind needed for practical life is sound judgment. God has placed us in circumstances that imperiously demand the discipline of this faculty. The world is indeed full of good books that move thought, and of fair scenes that move the fancy; but more powerful than these is the appeal of life in its constant exposures, — its never-ceasing hopes and fears. It says to us all, "Your lot is cast upon an eventful tide: study its movings for yourselves; see if there is not some law for its changings; look for some rule of probabilities, that shall, on the whole, be a safe guide through contingencies." Let a man follow this appeal, and he will not only keep his eyes open to the fair prospects of success or warnings of danger, but, in view of his own talents, disposition, and opportunities, he will form some method of action which shall embody and carry out his principles into an habitual policy, and which shall save him from being for ever at the mercy of accidents. By a

sound judgment, he will regulate the risks of his lot; and like a good pilot, if he cannot control winds and waves, he will have a ready way of meeting them and using them. He will keep out of many hazards into which others recklessly run, and will face many dangers at which others stand aghast. He will guide his affairs with a careful wisdom, that shall save him from extreme courses. He will, as far as he may, choose the sphere of action in which contingencies and certainties are so mingled as best to stir enterprise and promise returns, — always insisting upon certainty enough to warrant the attempt, always expecting some contingencies to stand in the path of success. To find this sphere is the part of practical wisdom, whatever the business or profession. The practical merchant is he who thus wisely interprets the laws of risk in business. The practical Christian, whatever his calling, is he who is willing to see life as it is, and never be weary in well-doing whilst trying to apply Christian truth and love to the various circumstances and wants of souls; neither a desponding drone nor a flightly dreamer, but modestly sure of some fair success in his application of Christianity, in view of the probabilities of life.

OSGOOD.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain-sod;

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge where the spoiler's foot
ne'er trod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our
fathers' God!
We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar 'midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage, struck forth as by thy
rod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our
fathers' God!

For the dark-resounding caverns, where thy still small
voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests, that by thy breath are
stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions thy spirit walks
abroad;
For the strength of the hills, — we bless thee, our God,
our fathers' God!
The royal eagle darteth on his quarry from the heights;
And the stag, that knows no master, seeks there his wild
delights;
But we, for *thy* communion, have sought the mountain-sod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our
fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman cannot reach our lofty
caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold of Freedom's last
abode:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our
fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence, round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle, bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents; for the free heart's burial-sod;
For the strength of the hills, — we bless thee, our God, our fathers' God!

HEMANS.

EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

The examination and trial of Madame Roland were but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with dignified modesty of herself: but, borne down by the clamors of the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking, amid the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were, at that period, permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and the accused: they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them. Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death, with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and, slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for consider-

ing me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men whom you have murdered." She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off her head. This was her only farewell. It was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many, who were incapable of weeping for their own fate, shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

On that day (Nov. 10, 1793), a greater number than usual of carts, laden with victims, rolled onward toward the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an infirm old man mamed Lamarche. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people: her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth; her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory; while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and the most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine, to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble.

"I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland. "A few moments, and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent; but they will come stained with blood; and you, who applaud our execution, will then applaud theirs with equal

zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head, that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly; and she kindly and cheeringly encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together, by little attempts at cheerfulness; and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer. A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk. The scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm, to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others which only a woman's heart could conceive or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have one only favor to ask; and that is not for myself: I beseech you, grant it to me." Then, turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold: to see my blood flow, would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued, which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without changing color, Madame Roland stepped

lightly up to the scaffold, and, bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the executioner; and, in a few seconds, her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

LAMARTINE.

THE PLANETS AND HEAVENLY BODIES.

It is not for us to say whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of modern astronomy. But, even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle, — an immense concave, reposing upon the circular boundary of the world; and the innumerable lights, which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regularity along its surface. It seems to have been at night that the piety of the Psalmist was awakened by this contemplation, when the moon and the stars were visible, and not when the sun had risen in his strength, and thrown a splendor around him, which bore down and eclipsed all the lesser glories of the firmament.

And there is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky to lift the soul to pious contemplation. The moon and these stars, — what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift us above it. We feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise, in lofty abstraction, from this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to revery, and is transferred, in the

ecstasy of its thoughts, to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable; and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens has in all ages been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise; and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best established of the sciences.

We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel, as it retires from the coast, shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle, with its expanded wings, is a noble object; but, when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small, to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth, only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible; for remember that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult; but the truth is unquestionable.

By a process of measurement, which it is at present unnecessary to explain, we have ascertained, first, the distance, and then the magnitude, of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is really a globe, exceeding by many thousands of times the dimen-

sions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are, some of them, much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

Now, why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied?

When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land, stretching obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs: are we therefore to say that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone belongs the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

CHALMERS.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings; while, from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements, —
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings: yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep. The dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom: yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

A YOUTH IN FRANCE.

A YOUNG lad, but newly admitted into a military school in France, soon made himself rather remarkable by his abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate any thing but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor, being informed of this conduct, attributed it to an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless, the lad persisted; and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and,

with his usual moderation, represented to him that such singularity was by no means proper or allowable in a public institution, and that he must certainly conform to the rules of diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully tried to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner; and at last threatened, if he persisted in concealing it, to send him home to his family. This menace had the desired effect; and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct. "You will not, I hope, be displeased with me, sir," said he; "but I could not bring myself to enjoy what I think luxury while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me no better food than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here I have excellent soup, and as much fine white bread as I choose. I look upon this to be very good living; and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents would not permit me to indulge myself by eating any thing else."

Mons. Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears at such an instance of love and sensibility. "If your father has been in the service," said Mons. Duverney, "how comes it that he has no pension?" — "For want of friends and money, sir," replied the youth. "He has been upwards of a year soliciting one: but his money and resources failed; and, rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you." — "Well," said Mons. Duverney, "if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure your father a pension of five hundred livres. In the mean time, here are three louis-d'ors for yourself, as a present from the king; and I will advance your father six months' pay out of the pension I am sure of obtaining for him." — "How can you send the money to

him, sir?" asked the boy. "Let that give you no uneasiness," replied Mons. Duverney: "I shall find means." "Ah, sir!" said the boy, with precipitation, "if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis-d'ors you were so good as to give me. I want nothing here; and they would be of the greatest service to my father for my brothers and sisters." — *Anecdotes of Social Life.*

EXPOSTULATION WITH INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

It is a spectacle to excite the tenderest commiseration, when we observe the excellent gifts of God to some of his most favored creatures; when we see the brightest natural faculties improved by high cultivation, together with that degree of acquaintance with religion which not only expels infidelity, but leads to a certain vague adoption of the Christian creed; when we see men, not only rich in mental endowments, but possessed of hearts glowing with generosity and kindness; when we see such beings as much absorbed in the pursuits of time and sense, as dead to the highest ends of their being, limiting their plans to the present life as completely, as if they did not believe in that immortality which yet makes part of their system; to see them overlooking the excellences which may be attained in this state, preparatory to their perfection in a better, unobservant of that deep basis which God has laid in our very nature for the condition of future blessedness, — forgetting how he has not only graciously put us in the way to attain it, but has exhorted, but has invited us only to consent, only to submit, to be

eternally happy; when we hear the Saviour of sinners condescending to express this tender regret at their reluctance, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Who can, without sorrow, contemplate such a discrepancy between the practice and the destination, the pursuits and the interests, the low desires and the high possibilities, the unspeakable offers and the incorrigible blindness? But, in our lapsed humanity, sense, in opposition to faith, is too frequently the dictator. If we see through a glass, and that darkly, it is because the medium is clouded by the breath of sensuality.

Appetite is the arbitrary power which renders every appeal to reason and religion fruitless. The pleasures of the present life have matter and substance; and we act as if those of heaven were dreams and visions. Self-love errs only in mistaking its objects, in putting the brief discipline which we are called to exercise here on a level with eternal suffering: it mistakes in fastening itself on the lower part of our nature, and forgetting that our souls are ourselves.

But surely God did not give his creatures such improvable powers, such strong notices of himself, without some farther end and design than can be perfected in this brief state of being. He never would have given us a nature capable of knowing and loving him here, if it were not part of his scheme that our knowledge and love of him should be perfected in eternity. We are not the creatures of casualty. We did not come into this world by chance or by mistake, for any uncertain end or any undetermined purpose; but for a purpose of which we should never lose sight, for an end to which we should have constant reference, — that we might bring glory to God now, and be received by his grace to glory everlasting.

HANNAH MORE.

CONVERSATION SPOILERS.

Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense;
And conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art, —
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil.
Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse;
But talking is not always to converse:
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.
Ye Powers who rule the tongue, — if such there are, —
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate, —
A duel in the form of a debate!
Vociferated logic kills me quite:
A noisy man is always in the right.
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly, "To be sure, — no doubt."

Dubious is such a scrupulous good man;
Yes, you may catch him tripping, if you can:
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.
With hesitation, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes, presumes, it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,

For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatso'er befall,
Centring at last in having none at all.

A story in which native humor reigns
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied:
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I."
At every interview their route the same;
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry, "Droll indeed!"

COWPER.

ON THE EPISTOLARY WRITERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

He who professes to read the Holy Scriptures for his instruction should recollect, whenever he is disposed to be captious, that they are also written for his correction. If

we really believe that Christ speaks to us in the Gospels, we must believe that he speaks to us in the Epistles also. In the one, he addresses us in his militant; in the other, in his glorified character. In one, the divine Instructor speaks to us on earth; in the other, from heaven. The internal wisdom; the divinity of the doctrines; the accordance, both of doctrine and precept, with those delivered by the Saviour himself; the powerful and abiding effects, which, for near two thousand years, they have produced, and are actually producing, on the hearts and lives of multitudes; the same spirit which inspired the writer, and is still ready to assist the reader, — all together form, to every serious inquirer who reads them with an humble heart and a docile spirit, irrefragable arguments, unimpeachable evidence, that they possess as full a claim to inspiration, and consequently have as forcible demand on his belief and obedience, as any of the less litigated portions of the book of God. Whoever, then, shall sit down to the perusal of these Epistles without prejudice, will not rise from it without improvement. In any human science, we do not lay aside the whole because some parts are more difficult than others: we are rather stimulated to the work by the difficulty than deterred from it, because we believe the attainment will reward the perseverance. There is, indeed, an essential difference between a diagram and a doctrine, — the apprehension of the one solely depending on the capacity and application of the student; while the understanding of the other depends not merely on the industry, but on the temper, with which we apply. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him."

Let any reader say, if, after perusing St. Luke's biographical sketch of the Acts of the Apostles; after contemplating the work of the Spirit of God, and its effect on the

lives and the preaching of these primitive saints, — whether he has not attained an additional insight into the genius and the results of Christianity, since he finished reading the evangelist. Let him say, further, whether the light of revelation, shining more and more as he advances, does not, in his adding the perusal of the Epistles to that of the Acts, pour in upon his mental eye the full and perfect day.

As there was more leisure, as well as a more appropriate space, in the Epistles, for building up Christianity as a system, than in the Gospels; so these wise master-builders, building on no other foundation than that which was laid, borrowed all the materials for the glorious edifice from the anterior Scriptures. They brought, from their precursors in the immortal work, the hewn stones with which the spiritual temple is constructed, and — having compacted it with that which every portion supplied — squared, rounded, and polished the precious mass into perfect form and shape, into complete beauty and everlasting strength. HANNAH MORE.

SONNETS.

SCORN not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frowned.
Mindless of its just honors. With this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas! too few.

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth way
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy sway,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my life is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide, —
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

A POOR NEGRO.

A slave in one of the islands of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became very valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time, his master raised him to a situation of importance in the management of his estate. His owner, on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instruction to choose those who were

strong, and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave-market, and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eye intently upon one old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master appeared greatly surprised at his choice, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked, that, if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and, when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoanut-trees. Astonished at the attention bestowed upon a fellow-slave, his master interrogated him on the subject. He said, "You could not take so intense an interest in the old man but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?" — "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my father." — "He is then an elder brother?" — "No, massa, he no my brother." — "Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?" — "No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, nor even my friend." — "Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" — "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave: "he sold me to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; and, when he thirst, give him drink."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The late Sir William Jones, whose interesting writings on Oriental subjects have elucidated many obscure points in Scripture history, was a general scholar, and embellished and adorned every subject that passed under his elegant pen. On the blank leaf of his Bible, the following finely conceived description was found written: "I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written. The unstrained application of them to events which took place long after the publication, is a solid ground for belief that they are genuine productions, and consequently inspired."

STANZAS.

Borne on the wing of ever-lapsing time,
Frequent I muse on death's mysterious sleep,
Or in hope's vision view that wondrous clime
Where Sorrow's children soon shall cease to weep.

Now, e'er my heart the cup of anguish knows,
May I the evening sacrifice prepare;
Now, while the stream of life's strong current flows,
To know the great Redeemer be my care.

Quickened by Thee, unsullied Source of light!
A new creation in my heart shall spring,
An intellectual day succeed the night,
And I the song of triumph learn to sing.

In perfect love thy own creation save,
And let the Bethlehem star illume my way;
Dispel the gloom that hovers o'er the grave,
And gild the awful evening of my day.

EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH.

EARTH'S children cleave to earth;
  Her frail, decaying children dread decay:
Yon wreath of mist, that leaves the vale
  And brightens in the morning ray, —
See how by mountain rivulet
  It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
  Along its green and dewy steeps, —
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, — clings
  To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
  And bowers of fragrant sassafras!
But all in vain. It passes still
  From hold to hold, — it cannot stay, —
And, in the very beams that fill
  The world with glory, melts away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
  It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprang of earth is now
  A portion of the glorious sky.

BRYANT.

A WIDOW'S SON.

Some time ago, there was a pious widow living in the northern part of England, on whom, in consequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which promote the present happiness and the immortal welfare of man. Her efforts were crowned with success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned. But, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company and pleasure, till, having impoverished his circumstances, it became necessary that he should go to sea. When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating him that he would keep the book, and read it, for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep; and year after year elapsed, without tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island remote from her own residence, and particularly the metropolis; and, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved object who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion, she accidently met, in a party in London, a sea-captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles ——; and added, perhaps with too little reserve and caution, that he

was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom of the sea. Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, as soon as she could sufficiently compose her agitated feelings, and resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the sea-ports on the northern coast. After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at her door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he never had been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew that were saved. "We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I never shall forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read, day and night, in a little book which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved: it was his companion every moment. He wept for his sins; he prayed; he kissed the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack!' said he, 'take this book, and keep it and read it; and may God bless you! It's all I've got.' And then he clasped my hand, and died in peace." — "Is this all true?" said the trembling, astonished mother. "Yes, madam, every word of it." And then, dragging from his jacket a little book much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming,

"And here's the very book too!" She seized the Testament, descried her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son coupled with her own on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced: she seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth!" Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—"Will you part with that book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money,—not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which I hope I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body."

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

Come while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone.

Those who now bless thee will have passed for ever.
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die,
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray:
Oh! touch the sceptre, win a hope in heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal,—
Home of the weary, where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its dust the uncurtained grave is closing:
Who would not *early* choose a lot like this?

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

PRINCE GALITZIN AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

When Alexander, the late Emperor of Russia, came to the throne, few Bibles were found in his empire; and great carelessness in reference to religion almost universally prevailed. A high place in the church soon became

vacant; and the emperor appointed his favorite Prince Galitzin to fill it. He at first declined the appointment, on the plea of his entire ignorance of religion; but the emperor overruled the objection as of no weight. The prince, on his first interview with the venerable Archbishop Platoff, requested him to point out some book which would give him a concise view of the Christian religion. The archbishop, rather surprised at the prince's professed ignorance of religion, recommended the Bible. The prince said he could not think of reading that book. "Well," replied the archbishop, "that is the only book there is, or ever will be, that can give you a correct view of the Christian religion." — "Then I must remain ignorant of it; reading the Bible is out of the question," was his reply. The words, however, of the venerable Platoff remained upon his mind; and he shortly afterwards privately bought and read the Bible. The effects were soon visible. He was not known to be a Bible-reader; but his manners were treated with contempt. Nearly every one was now agitated by the threatened invasion by the French. Galitzin was not so. His companions were astonished. Was he become a traitor to his prince? It was impossible: his loyalty was undoubted. At this important crisis, he thought it his duty to acquaint the emperor with the rock on which he rested unmoved at the threatened danger. He requested an interview: it was granted. The invasion was naturally the first subject of conversation; and next, as closely connected with it, the prince's conduct. The emperor demanded upon what principle he remained calm and unmoved in the midst of universal alarm. The prince drew from his pocket a small Bible, and held it toward the emperor. As he put out his hand to receive it, it fell, and opened at the ninety-first Psalm, — "He that dwelleth in the secret place of

the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." — "Oh that your majesty would seek this retreat!" said the prince, as he read the words of the Psalm. They separated. A day was appointed for public prayer. The minister who preached took for his subject the ninety-first Psalm. The emperor, surprised, inquired of the prince if he had mentioned the circumstance that occurred at the interview. He assured him that he had not named it. A short time after, the emperor, having a few minutes to spare, and perhaps feeling the necessity of Christian support, sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came, and began the ninety-first Psalm. "Hold!" said the emperor: "who told you to read that?" — "God," replied the chaplain. "How!" exclaimed Alexander. "Surprised at your sending for me," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy word which I have begun to read clearly pointed out to me. Why your majesty interrupted me, I know not." The result was a great alteration in the emperor's conduct, and the manifestation of much zeal in the circulation of the Scriptures.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he passed his days;
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose, —
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift-ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right, —
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew, —
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kinds deceived the road,

Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day
Came onward mantled o'er with sober gray,
Nature in silence bid the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowns the sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive, the liveried servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep and silk and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canal the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart.
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part;
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began;
And, o'er their heads, loud, rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest;)
Slow, creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine;

And, when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pondering Hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the swelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around the mansion neat;
And, neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,—
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:—

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread;
Then talked of virtue till the time for bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck. The landlord's little pride—
Oh strange return!—grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors! What! his only son!
How looked our Hermit when the deed was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed:
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display:
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprised, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And, in a calm, his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:—

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel; thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine:

The Maker justly claims the world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will;
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory-stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind:
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half weaned his heart from God:
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just;
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal;
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resigned, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions, here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew:
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,—
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth, thy will be done;"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

PARNELL.

HAPPY EFFECTS OF CONTEMPLATING THE WORKS OF NATURE.

With the divine works we are in every place surrounded. We can cast our eyes nowhere without discerning the hand of Him who formed them, if the grossness of our minds will only allow us to behold him. Let giddy and

thoughtless men turn aside a little from the haunts of riot; let them stand still, and contemplate the wondrous works of God, and make trial of the effect which such contemplation would produce. It were good for them, that, even independently of the Author, they were more acquainted with his works; good for them, that, from the society of loose and dissolute men, they would retreat to the scenes of nature, would oftener dwell among them, and enjoy their beauties. This would form them to the relish of uninterrupted, innocent pleasures, and make them feel the value of calm enjoyments, as superior to the noise and turbulence of licentious gayety. From the harmony of nature and of nature's works, they would learn to hear sweeter sounds than those which arise from the viol, the tabret, and the pipe.

But to higher and more serious thoughts these works of nature give occasion, when considered in conjunction with the Creator who made them. Let me call on you, my friends, to catch some interval of reflection, some serious moment, for looking with thoughtful eye on the world around you. Lift your view to that immense arch of heaven which encompasses you above. Behold the sun, in all his splendor, rolling over your head by day, and the moon by night, in mild and serene majesty, surrounded with the host of stars, which present to your imagination an innumerable multitude of worlds. Listen to the awful voice of thunder; listen to the roar of the tempest and the ocean; survey the wonders that fill the earth which you inhabit; contemplate a steady and powerful Hand bringing round spring and summer, autumn and winter, in regular course, decorating this earth with innumerable beauties, diversifying it with innumerable inhabitants, pouring forth comforts on all that live, and, at the same time, overawing the nations with the violence of the

elements when it pleases the Creator to let them forth. After you have viewed yourselves as surrounded with such a scene of wonders, after you have beheld on every hand so astonishing a display of majesty united with wisdom and goodness, are you not seized with solemn and serious awe? Is there not something which whispers within, that, to this great Creator, reverence and homage are due by all the rational beings whom he has made? Admitted to be spectators of his works, placed in the midst of so many great and interesting objects, can you believe that you were brought hither for no purpose but to immerse yourselves in gross and brutal, or at best in trifling, pleasures; lost to all sense of the wonders you behold, — lost to all reverence of that God who gave you being, and who has erected this amazing fabric of nature, on which you look only with stupid and unmeaning eyes? No: let the scenes which you behold prompt correspondent feelings; let them awaken you from the degrading intoxication of licentiousness into nobler emotions. Every object which you view in nature, whether great or small, serves to instruct you. The star and the insect, the fiery meteor and the flower of spring, the verdant field and the lofty mountain, all exhibit a supreme Power, before which you ought to tremble and adore; all preach the doctrine, all inspire the spirit of devotion and reverence. Regarding, then, the work of the Lord, let rising emotions of awe and gratitude call forth from your souls such sentiments as these: Lord, wherever I am, and whatever I enjoy, may I never forget thee as the Author of nature! May I never forget that I am thy creature and thy subject! In this magnificent temple of the universe, where thou hast placed me, may I ever be thy faithful worshipper, and may the reverence and the fear of God be the first sentiments of my heart! BLAIR.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase the stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slave they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim:
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards, —
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords!

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us, —
Is there One who reigns on high?

Has he bid you buy and sell us,
  Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him if your knotted scourges,
  Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
  Agents of his will to use.

Hark, he answers! wild tornadoes,
  Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
  Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
  Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrant's habitations
  Where his whirlwinds answer, "No!"

By our blood in Afric wasted,
  Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
  Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
  To the man-degrading mart,
All sustained by patience, taught us
  Only by a broken heart, —

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
  Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger,
  Than the color of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
  Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
  Ere you proudly question ours!

COWPER.

CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.

FLATTERY REPROVED.

Canute. Is it true, my friends, as you have often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege: you are the most powerful of all kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves. We kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

Canute. Does the sea, with its loud, boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours. It was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies; but it knows you to be its sovereign.

Canute. Is not the tide coming up?

Oswald. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair, then. Set it here upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Canute. Yes: set it just here.

Oswald (aside). I wonder what he is going to do.

Offa (aside). Surely he is not so silly as to believe us.

Canute. O mighty Ocean! thou art my subject, — my courtiers tell me so, — and it is thy duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to

retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Oswald (aside). I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises!

Oswald. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay: we shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person! Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies, — that I believed your abject flatteries? Know there is but one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man, and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

DR. AIKEN.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view! —
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father; the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of Truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

S. WOODWORTH.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

[*Alexander the Great in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*]

Alexander. WHAT! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alexander. A soldier? A thief! a plunderer! an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage; but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done of which you can complain?

Alexander. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Robber. Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and, if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber. I must, then, answer your question by another: How have you passed your life?

Alexander. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever — but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alexander. Still, what are you but a robber, — a base, dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alexander. But, if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischiefs we have done it.

Alexander. Leave me! Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike, — Alexander to a robber? Let me reflect.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CURSE."

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Our gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

"COME BOLDLY UNTO THE THRONE OF GRACE."

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
For only while they pray, they live.

The Christian's prayer his heart indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The spirit his petition writes;
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul! thou hast a friend on high;
Arise! and try thine interest there.

If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee, — *pray*.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame:
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Depend on him, — thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, — his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, — it shall be done.

HART.

"I WILL PUT THEE IN A CLEFT OF THE ROCK."

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY.

CATHARINA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labors of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion. When the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fireside, and enjoy their frugal meal.

Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding.

Her virtues and accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country: but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own chil-

dren, had her instructed in the elegant parts of female education by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty.

The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation.

Those calamities are ever most heavy on the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburg, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the wayside to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend. This was a happy interview for Catharina.

The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted: her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses. Her generous countryman,

therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes; furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father, the superintendent of Marienburg.

The beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburg. She was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family as governess to his two daughters, and, though but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness.

Such were her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time, offered her his hand; which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds received in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her hand, which he accepted with joy; and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburg. The unhappy soldier was immediately ordered to an attack, from which he never returned.

In the mean time, the siege went on with great fury, aggravated on the one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. The war between the two Northern powers, at that time, was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburg was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, — men, women, and children, — were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven. She had hitherto been poor, but free: she was now to

conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful.

The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; was pleased with her appearance; bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved; while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when, Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served around with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty.

He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found the charms of her mind superior even to those of her person. He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest: he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired into the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design. The nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince declaring to his courtiers that virtue was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina raised from the low, mud-walled cottage, to be empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon

whole nations. To her good fortune she owed part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses; introduced mixed assemblies; instituted an order of female knighthood; promoted piety and virtue; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died, without regret, — regretted by all. GOLDSMITH.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, —
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay;
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, — as still such days will come, —
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the sunny light the waters of the rill, —
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, —
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:

In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast
the leaf;
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief.
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

ON THE POWER OF REASONING IN ANIMALS.

It is known that the foot of the goat is peculiarly formed for climbing precipices; and the animal is fond of ascending rocky heights.

Two goats, grazing about the ramparts of Plymouth Citadel, got down upon the narrow ledge of the rock; and one of them, advancing before the other till it came to an angle, was enabled to return, but, in its way back, met its companion; which produced a most perplexing dilemma, as it was impossible for them to get past each other. Many persons saw them, without being able to render them any assistance. After a considerable time, one of the goats was observed to kneel down with great caution, and crouch as close as it could lie; which was no sooner done than the other, with great dexterity, walked over him; and they both returned the way they came, in perfect safety. And at Ardinglass, near Glenarm, in Ireland, two goats, moving towards each other over a precipice one thousand feet high, on a narrow ledge of the rock, were seen to extricate themselves from danger by a similar expedient.

In both these instances, the animals looked at each other for some time, as if they were considering their situation, and deliberating what was best to be done in the emergency. I apprehend that mere instinct would have prompted them immediately to act, instead of thus comparing and judging by their outward senses of dangers and expedients.

The author of the article "Instinct," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has related the following fact, on the testimony of a gentleman whose veracity was unquestioned, and who, being totally unacquainted with the theories of philosophers, had, of course, no favorite hypothesis to support: —

"In the spring of 1791, a pair of crows made their nest on a tree, of which there were several planted around his garden; and, in his morning walks, he had often been amused by witnessing furious combats between them and a cat. One morning the battle raged more fiercely than usual, till at last the cat gave way, and took shelter under a hedge, as if to wait a more favorable opportunity of retreating to the house. The crows continued, for a short time, to make a threatening noise; but, perceiving that on the ground they could do nothing more than threaten, one of them lifted a stone from the middle of the garden, and perched with it on a tree planted in the hedge, where she sat watching the motions of the enemy of her young. As the cat crept along under the hedge, the crow accompanied her by flying from branch to branch, and from tree to tree; and when, at last, puss ventured to quit her hiding-place, the crow, leaving the tree and hovering over her in the air, let the stone drop from on high on her back." The author adds, "That the crow, on this occasion, reasoned, is self-evident; and it seems to be little less evident that the ideas employed in her reasoning were

enlarged beyond those ideas which she had received from her senses. By her senses, she may have perceived that the shell of a fish is broken by a fall; but could her senses inform her that a cat could be wounded, or driven off the field, by the fall of a stone? No: from the effect of the one fall preserved in her memory, she must have inferred the other by her power of reasoning. . . . In Rees's 'Cyclopædia,' an instance is mentioned of singular sagacity in a cat. A lady had a tame bird, which she used to let out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking up crums from the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness to the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth on the table. The lady, alarmed for the fate of her favorite, on turning about, observed that a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without inflicting the least injury."

Now, it seems very clear, on considering this act, that various circumstances must have influenced this sagacious animal. She must have known that the bird was in danger from this intruder, and must have reflected on the best means of rescue; and we may take it for granted that instinct could not, on the same principle, have prompted the one cat to destroy, and the other cat to save, at the same moment of time. But the manner in which the preservation was effected is instructive, and affords a very striking example of reasoning in the brute; the more striking, as cats are not remarkable for sagacity.

Hancock on Instinct.

ON KINDNESS TO BRUTE ANIMALS.

In past time, man's unkindness to man has not been more conspicuous than his unkindness to the lower animals. In most parts of the earth, these have constantly been sufferers from his rude impulses and recklessness; and the consequence is, that most animals have acquired from the effect of habit, transmitted from generation to generation, a fear of man, which we ought to be humiliated in contemplating, and which is in itself a negative, if not positive, evil, since there is a great pleasure to be derived from their kindly companionship. It is by many thought probable, that, from the dragooning system which we pursue towards them, we have never yet realized one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us.

Take the horse alone for an example. In Europe, the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he is there in a state of utter degradation; for he is generally under the power and in the company of the capricious and cruel, — of grooms, horse-jockeys, postboys, and blacklegs, many of them without sense, temper, or feeling. Some horses are well fed, it is true, and duly exercised, and happy their fate: the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment? How is he to display, to exercise, to increase, the powers bestowed on him by nature? From whom is he to learn? Being gregarious by nature, he is here secluded from his own species: he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his

animal propensities. When not employed about a heavy, cumbersome machine, "dragging his dull companion to and fro," he is shut up in the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state, or, as the newspapers call it, "in a false position." Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance of kindness and attention you make to him? How grateful he will be! how studious of your will! how anxious to understand you! how happy to please and satisfy you!

We have possessed two horses, at different times, which, with only the treatment they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs; sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards; and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, cantering forward, and rejoining us. In fact, they were gentle, intelligent, and pleasing companions; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than by any positive solicitation or great attention on our part.

The great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness which mark the horse in the East, particularly in Arabia, are qualities which seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which he there receives. The Arabs make the horse a domestic companion. He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him, without the least danger. He steps among their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure; and if that master, by any chance, falls off, the horse instantly stands still till he is again mounted. An Arabian horse has even been known to pick up his wounded master, and carry him to a place of safety.

Unquestionably, these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupefy them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings, which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might.

"Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what *he* deems no mean or trivial trust.
I would not enter on my list of friends, —
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, — the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Sargent's Second Reader.

THOUGHTS ON SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread;
So shall that living word abound, —
That word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer!
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there, —

A minister of wondrous skill,
True graces to impart:
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
And bids the coldest glow:
He speaks; and, lo! the softest tears
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel;
He bows the loftiest soul:
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control!

And, ah, how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given!
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads:
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy;
For God that influence sheds.

Dear Lord! to thee we still will pray,
And praise thee as before:
For this thy glorious gospel-day,
Teach us to praise thee more.

J. J. GURNEY.

SEVERAL VOICES RESPECTING WAR.

No two things are more opposed than the Christian and warlike spirit. — *Paley.*

War is as contrary to the spirit of Christianity as murder. — *Adam Clarke.*

If Christian nations were nations of Christians, all war would be impossible and unknown amongst them. — *Soame Jenyns.*

War and bloodshed are utterly opposed to the meekness and gentleness of Christianity. — *Bishop Taylor.*

Christianity quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory. — *Bishop Watson.*

The principles and practice of war are quite abhorrent to Christianity. — *Bishop of Llandaff.*

It was not till Christianity became corrupted that its followers became soldiers. — *Clarkson.*

STANZAS

ON RECEIVING FROM DR. RUSH, OF PHILADELPHIA, A PIECE OF THE TREE UNDER WHICH WILLIAM PENN MADE HIS TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, CONVERTED TO THE PURPOSE OF AN INKSTAND.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war-fiend raised his hated yell;
And, 'midst the storm that realms deplore,
Penn's honored tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic Main
Was sent, the gift of foe to foe.

And though no more its ample shade
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky;
Though every branch be now decayed,
And all its scattered leaves be dry, —

Yet 'midst the relic's sainted space
A health-restoring blood shall spring,
In which the angel-form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dovelike wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green.

The withered branch again shall grow,
Till o'er the earth its shade extend;
And thus the gift of foe to foe
Becomes the gift of friend to friend.

WM. ROSCOE.

DUELLING.

DUELLING, as a punishment, is absurd; because it is an equal chance whether the punishment fall upon the offender or the person offended. Nor is it better as a reparation; it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury or afford a compensation for the damage already done. — *Paley.*

Cobbett, when challenged to fight, recommended the challenger to draw a Cobbett in chalk upon a door, and, if he succeeded in hitting it, to send him instant word, in order that he might have an opportunity of acknowledging, that, had the true Cobbett been there, he in all probability would have been hit too. But, hit or no hit, he maintained the bullets could have no effect whatever on the original cause of quarrel.

The point of honor has been deemed of use
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse:
Admit it true, the consequence is clear, —
Our polished manners are a mask we wear;
And, at the bottom barbarous still and rude,
We are restrained indeed, but not subdued.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage as its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly and mean and low;
That men engage in it compelled by force;
And fear, not courage, is its proper source, —
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
At least, to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause;
To rush into a fixed, eternal state
Out of the very flames of rage and hate;

Or send another shivering to the bar,
With all the guilt of such unnatural war, —
Whatever use may urge or honor plead
On reason's verdict, — is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No!
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can. — *Cowper.*

"GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE."

MATT. v. 42.

Oh! stay not thy hand, when the winter winds rude
Blow cold round the dwelling of want and despair,
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,
Or if folly has wrought out the wreck that is there.

When the heart-stricken wanderer asks for thy bread,
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;
When the wife moans in sadness the children unfed,
The cup must be bitter: oh! ask not the cause.

When the Saviour of men raised his finger to heal,
Did he ask if the sufferer were Gentile or Jew?
When the thousands were fed with the bountiful meal,
Did he give it alone to the faithful and few?

Oh! scan not too closely the frailties of those
Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold winter's day;
But give to the friendless who tells thee his woes;
And from him that would borrow, oh! turn not away.

Religious Poetry.

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

AWAY from the revel! the night-star is up;
Away! come away! there is strife in the cup;
There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl;
But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul.

The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,
Rising like gems in the torch's red light;
But the glance of thine eye, if it lingers there,
Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare.

The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride,
May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide;
But the pearl of the dewdrop, the voice of the breeze,
Are dearer and calmer, more blessed, than these.

Oh, come! it is twilight; the night-star is up,—
Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimmed cup;
The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills;
We'll glide on the waters, or rove on the hills;—

We'll kneel on the mountain, beneath the dark pine,
Our heart's prayer the incense, and nature the shrine;
Back on the festal we'll look from the wave,
As the eye of the free on the chains of the slave.

Oh, come! it is twilight; the moon is awake;
The breath of the vesper-chime rides o'er the lake;
There is peace all around us, and health in the breeze;
And what can be dearer, more blessed, than these?

ELIZA COOK.

THE VISION OF MIRZA; EXHIBITING A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was, in reality, a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."—"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."—"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity."—"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist

at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" — "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." — "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." — "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those which were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." — "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors, that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied, and lay closer together, towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with other weapons, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon the trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." — "These," said the Genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain. How is he given away to misery and mortality, — tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me,

bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered; and, whether or not the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats. But the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men, after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which

abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The Genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time; but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it. ADDISON.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER, ON HIS MAKING PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK THEIR COUNTRY.

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world could not contain you: your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than your are equal to. From Europe, you reach Asia; from Asia, you lay hold on Europe; and, if you

should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and you are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice; you increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that, the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, — to win and to preserve. Though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavor to shake off the yoke as fast as possible; for what people choose to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit;

but to conquer us is quite another business. You will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigor than they fly. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, that Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favors, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You profess yourself to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favors on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity: you will thus show more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders, both of Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed: even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner; which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom,

but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may, therefore, consider with yourself, whether you would choose to have for allies or for enemies a people of such a character, and so situated, as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them.

Q. CURTIUS.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love cannot droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, — oh! where?
For I would hasten there.
Tell me, I fain would go;
For I am wearied with a heavy woe:
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my paths have gone.
Oh! guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land;
For I am burthened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair.
Where is it, — tell me, where?
Thou that art kind and gentle, — tell me, where?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow and pain and strife.
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for him;
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet,
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend! do not thou despair:
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

MARY HOWITT.

NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN.

AN EASTERN NARRATIVE.

It pleased our mighty sovereign, Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honor and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant, over the Province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honor, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed

that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused. He became pensive and melancholy: he spent his leisure in solitude. In his palace, he sat motionless upon a sofa; and, when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He applied to the business of state with reluctance, and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of the sovereign; and, being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honored, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet! Thou hast given me the dominion of a country fruitful as the gardens of Damascus, and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colors of the bow that appear in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity: let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas, it is recorded that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage. He looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the

king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour: —

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force. But yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, — a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment; and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, — eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare. But by whom, then, must the faithful be governed? By those only who have no fear of judgment? — by those only whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervis alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a dervis is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has, in this city, been prepared for thy residence. I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble enable me to determine with wisdom!"

Mirza departed; and some time after, receiving no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful. He drew a letter from his bosom; and, having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I have received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honors which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had

listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:—

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas, our mighty lord, has honored with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled? and who shall boast of knowledge when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me may the Prophet multiply to thee!

"Under the instruction of the Physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that, as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty, and that, by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I therefore buried mine in the earth; and, renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and

herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave, with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sank under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that, as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion: it increased in size as it drew near; and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose forelegs appeared to be broken. Before this fox, the eagle laid part of a kid which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: 'Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part. Thou art still every day busied in the search of food: thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity, but devotion?' I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my supply, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I labored to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at

length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other. I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thine heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou art attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise! let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine, and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended: I boast of no wisdom that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and, by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here, thou canst do little more

than pile error on error; there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and, in the mean time, emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and therefore much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence who act from no higher motive than immediate interest. Thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and, if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name in the volume of his will may happiness be written!"

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government, and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know that "no life is pleasing to God but that which is useful to mankind."

HAWKESWORTH.

THE FLUSHING OAKS

UNDER WHICH GEORGE FOX HELD A MEETING FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN 1672, AND WHERE J. J. GURNEY HELD ONE FOR THE SAME PURPOSE IN 1839.

Cherish the venerable trees which have again outspread
Nature's unwoven drapery o'er an anointed head;
Keep unprofaned the graceful arch which once again hath rung
With the same song that trembled on our earliest fathers' tongue.

Those noble oaks! in all their young, perfected strength
they stand,
Unaltered by the changes that have made our wild wood-
land
A paradise of beauty since that lonely pilgrim made
A tabernacle unto God, of their protecting shade.

His only living witnesses which time hath claimèd not,
They seem to bend like watchers above a holy spot,
As if they might have loved to hear the Quaker's simple
strain,
And waited for the unforgotten melody again.

What is it that our faith doth teach? Earth hath no holy
ground
That human presence hallows not, — temple or grove or
mound;
That good men are but instruments, whereon His hand
doth play
Who knows that human gold is blent with iron and with
clay.

So long as Levites shall be called Truth's Sinai law to read,
So long as good men track the earth Truth's sacred cause
to plead,
Will Nature's superstitious love still consecrate the place
Which of their earthly tarriance retains one single trace.

As bends the sculptor o'er the forms, that, cold to all
beside,
Bring to his bosom, warm and fresh, enthusiasm's tide;
As clings the mourner to his dead, when the lip-throb is
still,
To catch the love-glance which no more his yearning heart
can thrill; —

As turns the poet to the land which even in decay —
The sceptre of her genius broken and passed away —
Can quicken in his soul the spark of pure ethereal fire,
Till music thrilling as her own comes pealing from his lyre; —

So turns the Quaker to that spot; so shall its memories bring
Back to his heart the living song his fathers used to sing:
His spirit-ear can gather it e'en from the senseless sod
Where the prophets of his people have bent the knee to God.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

REMARKS ON THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

BY A POPULAR WRITER.

Their dinner is, in many families, an early one: few devote a long period to dinner. They make no long sitting over their wine, for they are great admirers of temperance; and, even when they have dinner-parties, they drink no toasts, and very often do not even use the very little ceremony of taking wine with each other. It is in the evening that they enjoy social pleasure; and the reader may well ask what these pleasures are, for we have seen that they do not frequent the places of public amusement. Cards, or any game of hazard, they never play at. You may, indeed, occasionally see some of the young people engaged at draughts, chess, or some similar game; but it is entirely as a game of skill. In no instance

do they stake a farthing upon it. All playing or betting for money they regard as gambling; and they are too honest not to detest gambling. Music they have none: their chief resources are books and conversation. But here again they put restraints upon themselves that the great proportion of readers do not. They are cautious in their use of books; for in every thing they are anxious to preserve the purity of their minds, and indulge no taste which is not in their eyes worthy of a man and a Christian. Books, therefore, which are not of a decidedly useful tendency, they will not read. Novels and romances *caviare* to the multitude of them. A great deal of poetry is interdicted to many of them, because they believe its spirit impure and mischievous. What, then, it may be asked, do they do? They converse, and they read, and they enjoy their gardens in fine weather. They delight also in a country-walk or drive. Their life is only for the quiet and contemplative; but it has its charms. There is a delightful purity of feeling, a simplicity of heart, a soundness of moral sentiment, about them, that are more attractive than all the glitter and fascination of more pretending society. One feels that all we hear and see is real. *English Select Miscellany.*

THE FEMALE CHOICE.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herself one hot day with running about the garden, sat down in a pleasant arbor, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One

was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink, with light-green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground; her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head-dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy dress, all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbon.

She advanced smilingly to the girl, and, with a familiar air, thus addressed her: —

"My dearest Melissa, I am a kind Genius, who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you! This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements.

"Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks, are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good-humor. Come, then, my dear! let me put on you this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name. "My name," said she, "is Dissipation."

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, yet satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung

a work-basket; and the girdle round her waist was garnished with scissors, knitting-needles, reels, and other implements of female labor. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl: —

"Melissa, I am the Genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer you my protection. I have no allurements to tempt you with like those of my gay rival. Instead of spending your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring exertion of body or of mind. You must dress plainly, live mostly at home, and aim at being useful rather than shining.

"But, in return, I will insure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation than of Vice or Folly to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise; and what you see is not her real face.

"For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I do now; but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will see me cheerful at my work; and, when work is over, I can enjoy every innocent amusement. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow; and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is *Housewifery*."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and, though overawed by her manner, she could not help

turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents, with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when, by a lucky accident, the mask, with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion. BARBAULD.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
  Of eternity and truth:
He reads with a warning voice to age,
  And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er heart and head
  Since last the yule-log burnt;
And we have a task to closely ask
  What the bosom and brain have learnt.
Oh, let us hope that our sands have run
  With wisdom's precious grains!
Oh, may we find that our hands have done
  Some work of glorious pains!
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
  While the holly gleams above us,
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
  And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallowed rest;
We may miss the glow of an honest brow,
And the warmth of a friendly breast:
But, if we nursed them while on earth
With hearts all true and kind,
Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
Of those true hearts left behind?
No, no! it were not well or wise
To mourn with endless pain:
There's a better world beyond the skies,
Where the good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
While the holly gleams above us,
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free
From sorrow's dim alloy?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
A halo around our home?
Oh! if we do, let thanks be poured
To Him who hath spared and given,
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies held from Heaven.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
While the holly gleams above us,
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

ELIZA COOK.

"GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

Acts, xvii. 26.

The following reflections and incident are taken from T. C. Upham's letters from Europe, &c., and are dated at Florence: —

Inquiring of myself, as I went to my solitary room, what had been the effect of this journey, thus far, on my mind, I found that it had been to generalize my feelings, and to inspire them with a purer and deeper benevolence, at the same time that it extended them. It was difficult for me before, except by a sort of abstract effort, to carry my feelings beyond America, and to bring them into a realizing sympathy with unknown races. I found, however, that there is a wide and great nation beyond that of any particular nationality. The sphere of humanity, the circle of divinely united hearts, enlarged itself as I advanced; and I can say with Kotzebue and Mungo Park, that, in every land where I have been, I have found evidences of confidence and friendship.

To me, this is a great deal. I value intellectual acquisitions; but still more do I want my heart enlarged to its utmost capacity. This train of thought and feeling recalled an incident which occurred at Pisa. Our little company were standing in the celebrated building called the Baptistery. In a little time, our attention was diverted from the architectural skill displayed in the building, to a religious ceremony which was about to be performed. Some poor people had brought a child to be baptized. We looked on, Protestants as we were, with those feelings of respect which are due from one form of religion to another. When the religious ceremony had been gone

through, the poor Italian mother, in passing out of the building, came near the excellent lady who formed one of our little company, and entered into communication with her; not by vocal language, because they could not in that way understand each other, but by that mysterious sympathy of souls which has a power above that of words. It was sufficient that, though of different creeds and differently situated, both were mothers. God and nature brought into harmony what lands and creeds might have separated. The American mother stooped down and kissed the little child of the Italian mother, and, seeing the evidence of their poverty in their poor and rude garments, added a present in money to this expression of her affection. This little scene of unaffected benevolence touched my feelings. It was the voice of humanity asserting its eternal relationships. The tear grew bright in the eye of the Italian mother, and dropped on the cheek of the infant; and I could see in the countenance of the old priest, and a number of poor Catholics who stood around, that a ray of mutual confidence and esteem was kindled in their hearts; and I could not but feel, if men would become better acquainted with each other, and let the currents of love flow out, it would be a moral force greater than the sword, greater than dogmatical argument in diminishing diversities of belief, in correcting errors, in harmonizing antagonistical systems, and in bringing in Christ's kingdom of universal peace.

Friends' Review.

THE END.

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